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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

CHRISTIANITY LEGISLATES FOR THE HEART.

'The Morality which Jesus inculcates extends to the thoughts and operations of the heart. To legislate for a small department of the outward life, is all the power that is accorded to human authority. The spiritual character which the law assumed in the hands of Christ, shows that it is his prerogative to prescribe for the heart. 'He knew what was in man,' and he knew the connexion between that hidden source and the visible life, to be the relation of cause and effect; he sought, therefore, to purify the streams by cleansing the fountain. He denounces the murder and adultery of the heart; sins which were unknown to the popular code of Jewish morality. 'Out of the heart, said he, proceed evil thoughts, and every thing that defileth.' Accordingly, he laid his hand on the hidden machinery of pollution, and essayed to destroy it in its springs. He sees evil there in its type; and aimed to crush and annihilate it in its mould. He does not wait till sin comes out into the life, an overt act; but passing into the heart, he exerts the authority of law much earlier and higher. He meets the sin in its native home, detects it before it has become any thing but thought, or desire, or intention.

'By repeatedly asking his auditors 'Why think ye evil in your hearts?' in effect, he proclaimed that the busy and populous world of thought is subject to divine jurisdiction; that his eye is on all its most silent pulsations and hidden movements; and consequently, that those would furnish materials for a future judicial process. And if it exalt our conceptions of matter, to know that by man it is absolutely indestructible; that of all which ever existed, not an atom is lost; that however it may be modified and dissipated, it cannot be destroyed; and that the whole is destined to pass through the final regenerating fire, then what is the amount of the solemn importance which should invest the slightest movements of our minds, and what the degree of intense solicitude with which we should control and watch them, when we know that of all the infinite myriads of our thoughts, not one is lost; that they are accumulating fast for judgment; that over the least of them all a solemn inquest will be held by God and his empannelled angels; and that their verdict will turn it into an element of endless joy or woe. The moment will come, when the slightest movement of the mind will be deemed inexpressibly more worthy of attention than the aspect of the starry heavens in their solemn midnight magnificence, that most august spectacle of nature, for it will be seen creating for us our eternal state; and why should we not deem it so now? To cleanse the air, under certain circumstances, philosophy has devised a method of straining, and even searching that subtile element for every particle of matter injurious to life. Did we duly care for the health of the soul, the morality of Jesus would teach us the nobler philosophy, the more vital art of subjecting the inner atmosphere of the soul to a process of examination, in which the faintest rudiments of evil would be detected and rejected as seeds of death.'—*Great Teacher.*

A YOUNG SCOTCHMAN.

One of the collectors of the Ladies' Bible Society, in Glasgow, frequently visited the house of a person in her district, for the purpose of giving away tracts. Calling one day, in going her rounds, she observed a young man, apparently far gone in a consumption, sitting by the fire, reading the Memoirs of Bonaparte. Concluding, from his appearance, that he had not long to remain on earth, she took occasion, from the importance of the case, to notice the awful state of a soul going unprepared into the presence of an almighty Judge. She begged to know whether he possessed a Bible; to which he replied in a careless manner, 'There is a Bible in the house.' However on further inquiry, she found that he had only a pocket Bible, which, from the smallness of the print, and the weakness of his eyes, he was unable to read. She offered to procure him a loan of a Testament, of a large type. He replied, with seeming carelessness, that she might. The tracts she left on this occasion were 'Christ the only Refuge from the Wrath to come,' and 'the Sinner directed to the Savior.' On calling with the Testament, he received her visit with pleasure, and took the Testament gratefully. He informed her, that he had read both the tracts and wished to have some more; and from this period he became a new man. He had formerly been a dissipated character, but the change in his whole conduct was now apparent to all that saw him. 'Indeed,' says a gentleman, who had frequent opportunies of observing him in his most unguarded hours, 'he became an object of no common interest, his deep sense of his own unworthiness, his self-denial, his ardent love to his Savior, his meekness, and the consistency of his character, shone very conspicuously during the short remainder of his life.' His mother said he longed much for the collector's visits. He uniformly took the tracts with avidity, such as that of a hungry child on receiving a piece of bread.

His chief delight, however, was in the Testament which had been given him. This 'blessed book,' as he used to call it, was his companion by night and by day; and afforded him substantial delight, even in the prospect of death. As he approached nearer to eternity, his faith in the Redeemer increased, and his prospects of a happy immortality brightened, and at last he died rejoicing in his Savior. His last words were, 'Come, Lord Jesus, I am now ready.'

Whatever is left in the hands of chance must be subject to vicissitude, and when any establishment is found to be useful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.—*Johnson.*

A SKETCH OF GUIZOT.

[Translated for the Corsair.]

Amongst distinguished contemporaries, Mr Guizot certainly occupies the most eminent rank. The political man,—his influence, his acts in the Government and the Chamber, are without doubt already sufficiently known; but the domestic man, the beginning of his career, the romance of his first marriage, his manners and habits are not known, although they certainly deserve to be. Our readers will probably peruse with pleasure the following biographical notice, which reveals all these curious details, and from notes furnished by Mr Guizot himself, faithfully draws the portrait of one of the first political and intellectual men of the age.

In the Rue Ville l'Evenge, under the gigantic shade of the Magdalen, opposite the immense colonade of this apparently pagan temple, in a modest and tranquil retreat, and surrounded by a small garden, resides—like another Washington, in the austere simplicity of his manners, and enjoying his secret meditations—one of the most eminent men of the age, the first historian of modern times, the greatest politician of the day, and one of the finest intellects in the world; a man who passionately loves solitary study and retired occupations, but who joins with ardor in the most energetic party conflicts; who follows the torrent of society, the activity of the times, and all the stirring emotions of the political arena. *There*, in that quiet and shady retreat, he receives with what we would call republican simplicity, his numerous friends, all men of talent, and all distinguished foreigners, who would not leave Paris without visiting him. *There*, he prepares those eloquent speeches which give birth to those high and mighty questions, and there also he returns after the tumultuous debates of the Chamber, to seek repose and give fresh vigor to his thoughts, in the midst of his books, his trees, and in the bosom of his family, part of which, also, has been so prematurely and so cruelly snatched from him.

Francois-Pierre-Guillaume Guizot was born at Nisme in 1787; he was educated at Geneva, where he diligently studied philosophy and history, the profound knowledge of which caused him to reap so rich a harvest of renown. The political situation of Geneva, that little corner of the earth, where all the ruined nobility had taken refuge, necessarily exercised much influence over a young, penetrating, and thoughtful mind, such as Guizot's. His father, Francois-Andre Guizot, a distinguished member of the bar at Nismes, and descendant of an ancient and much esteemed family amongst the Protestants of the North of France, notwithstanding his adherence to the noble principles of the Revolution, had perished on the scaffold, which in those days was honored by so many illustrious and courageous victims. His mother, a most superior woman, left a widow with two sons, did not hesitate to expatriate herself, in order to find in Geneva a system of profound and serious study for her sons, which at that time France did not offer her. Noble and worthy woman! eminent for her learning, and the qualities of her heart, and who always so religiously accomplished her duties, amidst all the trials which chequered her life.

At his entrance in the world, after leaving the University, young Guizot thought that the French Revolution would afford an opening to all men of talent, and that the young Empire was disposed to accept the services of all good heads and resolute hearts; but he was most cruelly disappointed in his hopes, and the realization of his golden dreams. His first efforts did not promise a very brilliant career. Deprived of all patronage, the future minister and counsellor of Kings thought himself fortunate to have obtained a place as preceptor in a Swiss family who resided in Paris, and whose patriarchal virtues constantly offered him a living example of order and social hierarchy—the great basis of the political edifice which he was destined sooner or later to build.

His literary talents soon procured for him the entrance of the saloon of Suard, which was then the *rendezvouz* of all enlightened minds. There our young hero, already grave and serious, austere and philosophical, could see and appreciate the Cynics of the Directory, the Representatives of the Republic, the last sparks of the Encyclopedia, and a small number of emigrants who had returned after the revolutionary tempests. From that period may be dated the intimacy of Guizot with the royalist party, who introduced him into public life shortly after the Restoration. But his frequenting the house of Suard was to have a much greater influence and more important sway over his whole destiny. It is a romantic and strange history, the life of such a man, whose grave and serious physiognomy stands out, as it were, amidst a cloud of dust raised by political struggles, like an antique figure, full of passion and nobility.

Amongst the persons who frequented the saloon of Suard, was Miss Paulin de Meulan, one of the most distinguished and most talented women of the age. At that time she edited, with the most signal success the *Publiciste*, founded by Suard in 1801. This publication owed, in a great measure, its well merited vogue to the versatility of her talent, the fecundity and originality of her mind, and to the numerous articles, literary criticisms, polemical philosophy, on morality, society, literature, the drama and romances. Her daily labor and frequent privation of rest at last undermined her health. Her physicians recommended absolute repose, but alas! her pen was the only support of herself and her old parents, who had once enjoyed an immense fortune. In the midst of her pecuniary embarrassments, and in despair at her new trials, in the month of March, 1807, Miss de Meulan received an anonymous letter, which offered to supply her regularly with articles for the *Publiciste*, during the whole time of the interruption. This letter was frank, amiable and respectful, was accompanied by a first article so much in her own style, that Miss de Meulan did not hesitate to sign it with her initial P., and the next day it appeared in the *Publiciste*.

From this period until the recovery of her health, Miss de Meulan received the productions of her unknown correspondent. Naturally enough, the supposed author of those articles felt a strong desire to become acquainted with the real author. The members of Suard's circle lost themselves in conjectures; but not one suspected the young, grave, though still obscure orator, who listened to all their suppositions with an air of perfect indifference. At last, Pauline wrote herself, by means of the *Publiciste*, to her mysterious colaborator, entreating him to make himself known to her. He obeyed, and Guizot, then only twenty, presented himself to her. Five years afterwards, Miss de Meulan, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, became Mrs Guizot. A tender union of fifteen years was the result of this honorable and romantic connexion, the end of which offers a most melancholy interest. The 1st of August, 1827, shortly after her return from Plombieres, after a long illness, Mrs Guizot quietly bid adieu to her husband and son, requesting the former to have her buried according to the rites of the Protestant Church, (although she was a Catholic,) that she might die with the consoling belief of being re-united to him after death; touching and solemn homage rendered by the dying affection of a woman to the virtues and excellent qualities of the man! At the same time she begged her husband to read to her, and she gently expired listening to a sermon of Bossuet's on the immortality of the soul.

Under the restoration, Guizot entered into public affairs. He successively occupied the most important stations under the ministry of the Abbe Montesqueiu, of Barbe Marbois and of Decazes, but always obliged to return to his first profession of literary labors. Messieurs Thierry and Guizot are the first and most celebrated reformers in our national history.

We will not examine in this short notice, the incontestible influence which Guizot exercised in the French Revolution, nor the political movement of that period. Suffice it to say that few men have rendered as great services to the instruction of the people, both by theory and practice, as the Ex-Minister of Public Instruction. Guizot's physical and moral energy appears to increase with the difficulties of his labor. His eloquence applied to the practice of commerce, or to the defence of constitutional principles, is often admirable, always noble, grave and elevated. It is well known how high a station Guizot, as a political man, occupied in Parliament. The alliance of power and liberty is the great problem he has always endeavored to solve; and without fearing clamors or complaining of injustice, he follows his mission in the calmness and serenity of his conscience, and applies himself incessantly to study the great question—a powerful and talented politician, an eminent orator, a distinguished author, a serious and profound historian—but above all, and better than all, a conscientious, worthy and honorable man.—*Cabinet de Lecture.*

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

The bible insists much upon this comparison of an earthly father and our Father in heaven: and it challenges the tenderest affections of a parent's heart to surpass in any respect the love and care of our heavenly Father. 'What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?' Does a suffering or an erring child meet with assistance or compassion from his father? 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'

The Bible does not stop even here; the experience of the Christian contains still richer treasures of consolation. If there be found a father so unnatural as to abandon his own child, or if death, striking a beloved father, leave his child an unprotected orphan, the arms of a heavenly Father are stretched out to receive him, to surround him with love and paternal care: 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up!' And this assurance, which David had found so blessed a reality when he pronounced these words, is the same to every soul whose confidence is in the Lord. Yes, I have seen the young child returning sad and dejected, after accompanying its father to the tomb, and have heard it ask, in the agony of grief—Who will now be my guide and my support in this life of misery upon which I am about to enter, alone, and poor, weak and without hope? And then I have seen the hand of a faithful servant of God pointing upwards, while with accents of sympathy and tenderness he said—'My child! remember thou hast still a Father in heaven;' and these words, these few words, found the way to that young heart, and never after departed from it; and these few words gave a direction to his whole future life by shedding over it a new light.—*Meditations on the Lord's Prayer, and Discourses, by A. Bonnet.*

SPIRITUAL HUSBANDRY.

I confess, heaven is not the purchase or reward of your striving; no soul shall boastingly say there, is not this the glory which my duties and diligence purchased for me? and yet, on the other side, it is as true, that without striving, you shall never set foot there. Say not, it depends upon the pleasure of God, and not upon your diligence; for it is his declared will and pleasure to bring men to glory in the way, though not for the sake of their own striving. As in the works of your civil calling, you know all the care, toil, and sweat of the husbandman avails nothing of itself, except the sun and rain quicken and ripen the fruits of the earth; and yet no wise man will neglect ploughing and harrowing, sowing and weeding, because these labors avail not, without the influences of heaven, but waits for them in the way of his duty and diligence. Rational hope sets all the world to work.

DEATH IN MAN AND ANIMALS.

The laws of nature are all directed by Divine Wisdom for the purpose of preserving life and increasing happiness. Pain seems in all cases to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the process of dying seems to be the falling into a deep slumber; and in animals who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination it can hardly be accompanied by very intense suffering. In the human being, moral and intellectual motives are constantly operating in enhancing the fear of death, which without these motives in a reasonable being would probably become null, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust; but imagination is creative with respect to these passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts. Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence to prevent the dissolution of organs, and cannot follow their destruction. I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating: Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, 'I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die.' Dr. Black, worn out by age, and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low, while eating one of his customary meals of bread and milk, fell asleep and died in so tranquil a manner, that he had not spilt the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Bladgen, whilst at a social meal with his friends Mon. and Mad. Berthollet and Gay-Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilt.—*Sir H. Davy.*

RELIGION.

Religion never shines with so bright and benignant a lustre as upon those who embrace it in early youth. To the aged it gives light, peace and hope. Upon the young it confers all these, together with many peculiar benefits. It implants pure and noble principle. It nurtures kind affections. It imposes needful restraints upon bad passions, or purifies every vicious taste. It sheds a beautiful and benignant influence upon the whole social and moral character. Thus it blesses for a whole life time, and lays the foundation for blessings throughout eternity. It is to the young who listen to its voice a counsellor of infallible wisdom, a sun of righteousness which guides them through their whole being. Have you, my young friend, sought this inestimable treasure? You cannot prize it too highly. Give to it your whole heart. Sacrifice for it pride, and passion, the love of pleasure and of the world. Be simple hearted. Be heavenly minded. Lay the foundation of piety broad and deep now, while habits are plastic and feelings are lively. Never be ashamed of your religion. Never compromise it. Keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. Remember you are to grow in grace. Let every year, if possible every day, add perceptibly to your piety. Endeavor to do good, to be actively pious. Try to feel habitually that it is your duty always to make upon others a decidedly religious impression. Your life and example must do something toward saving others.—Cultivate a sense of perpetual responsibility, that every day's history may give a coloring to your eternity.—*S. Olin.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

My afflictions are fewer than my sins, and lighter than my deserts.

My afflictions are as much the fruit of God's love as any of the bounties of his providence.

'He doth not afflict willingly.' If I am in heaviness there is a need for it.

Better people than I have had as sore trials, yet uttered no complaint.

Some things in the work of sanctification cannot ordinarily be attained without sorrow.

If I know nothing of the pains of earth, I shall hardly be well prepared for the joys of heaven.

There are few darker signs in the history of any professor of religion than freedom from affliction.

No one now in heaven regrets having gone there through great tribulation.

To murmur or complain even in heart only is sin; and the least sin is a greater evil than any conceivable amount of suffering.

Christ suffered much; I ought to be willing to follow him. 'If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.'

FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

A noisy virtue is always of doubtful character. The bravado is seldom brave. The humble man most deeply laments his pride. An empty waggon rattles more than one well laden. A bosster is a vanity.

It is no proof of our innocence that we profess great detestation of any vice. The proud man is often more offended at the arrogance of others than his humble neighbors are. The mean-spirited man often professes great contempt for cowards.

Nothing deserves the name of wisdom which partakes of cunning and trick.

If any one man knew all that was thought and felt by those around him, he would *flee* into the wilderness; and if society knew all the thoughts and feelings of any one man, they would drive him into the wilderness.

Carnal knowledge puffs up. Saving knowledge exalts by humbling.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

A youth about seventeen or eighteen years of age waited upon one of the secretaries of the Bethel companies, to purchase a tract. He was asked if he had attended any of the Bethel prayer meetings on board ship? He said, 'Yes, the last evening. Yesterday I landed from my voyage; and this afternoon I am bound to Scotland to see my friends. Although that visit to the Bethel meeting was accidental, it has been the means of great consolation to my mind.' 'I am glad you have found it so,' observed the secretary; 'were you unhappy?' 'I will relate sir,' said he, 'what took place during my last voyage: I sailed from London in a Scotch vessel, from the West Indies, second mate, the most abandoned and profligate wretch that ever sailed on salt water, particularly for profane swearing. Our captain, though a good seaman, and kind to his ship's company, cared neither for his soul, or those of his ship's crew. We had been at sea about sixteen days. It came on night. It was my watch on deck. The night was dark and lowering, and but little wind at the time. We had most of our lower sails set. I was walking up and down on the leeward side of the ship, when a sudden puff of wind caused the vessel to give a heavy lurch. Not prepared to meet it I fell against one of the stauncheons. Feeling much hurt, I gave vent to my anger by a dreadful oath, cursing the wind, ship, and sea, and (awful to mention) the Being who made them. Scarce had this horrid oath escaped my lips, when it appeared to roll back on my mind with so frightful an image, that for a moment or two I thought I saw the sea parting, and the vessel going down. I took the helm from the man who was at it, and put the ship's head close to the wind. All that night my awful oath was before my eyes, and its consequence appeared to be my certain damnation. For several days I was miserable. Ashamed to acknowledge the cause, I asked one of the men if he had any book to lend me to read. He offered me a French novel. I asked if he had a Bible or a Testament. He answered by asking if I were going to die; for his part, he said, he never troubled his head about the Bible or Prayer Book, he left all these matters to the priests, to whom he left part of his pay to pray for him; if I had done so I should not be so squeamish. The captain I knew had a Bible, but I was unwilling to ask the lend of it. Several days passed in the greatest torment, this oath always before me. I could not pray; indeed I thought it of no use. On the fifth day I was turning over some things in my chest, when I found some trifles I had purchased for sea stock, wrapped in paper, this piece of paper, (putting his hand into his jacket, and from a small red case pulling out the paper, which was a leaf of the Bible, containing nearly the whole of the first chapter of Isaiah.) Oh how my heart throbbed when I found it a piece of a Bible!' At that moment tears fell from his eyes, and he pressed the leaf to his bosom.—'But, Sir,' continued he, 'conceive what I felt when I read these words: 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as wool.' Here he paused to wipe the tears away. '! Sir,' he added, 'like a drowning man I clung to this life buoy: on this I laid my soul. I then prayed, and the Lord was graciously pleased to remove in some measure the great guilt from my conscience, though I continued mournful and bowed down; until last evening on board the May-flower, I stowed away with the Bethel company. I felt much comforted in the service. It deeply affected me, and I have now reason to believe the Lord has forgiven my great sin. I am now going to my friends to tell them what great things God hath done for me.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Chicago, August 19th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—We were made very comfortable on beard the Frontier. The theatrical gentry, who had found Peoria too dull for them, were among the passengers, and did much to enliven our voyage. Accidentally falling into conversation with some of them, I received civilities at their hands, and found them well-informed on subjects out of their profession. It was the same company that were playing in the court-house of Quincy, last Spring, on week-day evenings, while I was preaching in another apartment of the same building; and in the *same* room on the Sabbath. About one o'clock on Sunday morning, we were all waked and landed at Peru, a small village situated under the brow of a high bluff, which has more than quadrupled its population within two years. We were all, with the exception of the travelling players, immediately trasferred to good coaches, and taken to Ottoway, 15 miles, to breakfast. Some of our party halted there to keep the Sabbath; others kept it after a fashion, going-on. I myself, having heard that there were a number of Unitarians at Juliet, 45 miles from Ottoway on the road to Chicago, and that the stage would arrive there in season to dine, went on, with the intention of stopping there; and if invited, of preaching in the afternoon. The face of the intervening country is eminently beautiful; and there is manifest a great advance in the settlement of the country, since I passed along before, in the summer of 1837. Before reaching Juliet, we rode a mile or two with a long mound or ridge on each side of us, the base of which, to judge from the kind of rock thrown out, in excavating the great Illinois and Michigan canal, is of *diluvial* origin. Many of the buildings in Juliet (a term corrupted from Joliet, the name of the celebrated Catholic Priest, who was among the first explorers of these regions) are large, and built of limestone. On arriving at the Hotel, I made inquiry for Unitarians; but could obtain no information of there being any in the place. As there were to be religious services in two different places of worship in the village in the course of the afternoon, and another service in the evening, I thought it would be imprudent to run the risk of losing my passage in the mail-stage on Monday, by waiting till then, as the full complement is generally made up at Ottoway, for the whole route; and way-passengers are frequently obliged to wait a day or two, for a vacant seat. About 12 miles from Juliet we were overtaken by a hard shower, which made our travelling quite heavy for the rest of the way. We passed some immense fields of wheat and oats, now standing in the shock. Some of these were estimated by the company to contain from 80 to 100 acres each. Their market is found all along the route of the canal. About 9 o'clock, we got fairly and regularly *stalled* and all the men were obliged to get out of the coach, and pry it out of the mud, by means of rails and poles. It was fortunate that this did not happen on the middle of a prairie. The last 12 miles of our way, the horses could hardly get out of a foot-pace, so much mud and water was there along our route; and, the last 6 miles of our journey, the proportion of water was far the greatest—this being the wet prairie south-west of Chicago. It was 2 o'clock on Monday morning before we crossed the river of the same name which runs through the city;—there being here a rope-ferry. Young Charon having gone to bed a little too deeply in his cup, either was not wholly awake, or else did not discern objects clearly when he resumed his station on the ferry-boat; for it had not been pulled more than twice its length, before we were alarmed with word that he was drowning. Instantly we were all out, and at the bow of the boat. Some one succeeded in catching hold of him, without diving for him. His account of the matter was that he supposed the boat had landed on the opposite side of the river, and he stepped off to secure her till the stage could drive off. Right glad were we all to reach the Lake House, and get to bed, even without supper; which we did, a little before 3 o'clock, having rode about 100 miles in 24 hours.

This city contains somewhere about 5000 inhabitants, being built upon a sandy soil, the surface of which is elevated only a few inches above that of Lake Michigan. I should think it had fallen off not a little in both trade and population within the last two years. But from its being at the head of lake navigation, and the terminus of the great canal to the Illinois, its progress is hereafter to be onward and rapid. It is a point of peculiar interest to our denomination, therefore; for, it will soon be the centre of an extensive commercial influence upon the whole of this remote lake country; and no where have our views of Christian doctrine been more cordially received than here. Even Christians of other denominations manifest more kindness towards us, than is usual in some other places. The Unitarian society here are as yet without either a church of their own, or the ordinances; but hope to have both soon, under the administration of a pastor whom they expect from New England, in the course of next month. They think themselves able to raise a salary of $1000; but if they should find themselves obliged to call upon their eastern fathers for aid, for a year or two to come I hope that the ear of sympathy will be open to their cry, and the hand of relief extended to them;—lest a premature night of discouragement overtake their dawn of promise.

At present they hold their meetings in the town hall; but they will soon want a church; and when they say they want a church, I trust that our eastern churches will help them to build one. I am now bound for New England on a similar errand, in behalf of our friends at Quincy and Hillsboro'.

From the date of my earliest labors in this state as an Evangelist, under the auspices of the three associate churches of the old colony—(Plymouth, Duxbury and Kingston)—I have been made to feel very sensibly, not merely the inconveniences, but the hinderance to the spread of the gospel truth, arising from a want of churches for the accommodation of the audiences I had to address. This difficulty we have contended with at Hillsboro' for now two years, at fearful odds against other denominations. And when I speak of opposition to other churches, I beg that it may be understood, that ours is a warfare of defence only, our friends at H. being forced to take the ground which they at present occupy, by being excluded from Christian privileges in the churches around them.

Again, whilst performing a tour of missionary duty at Quincy in this state, in the month of May last, I was made to feel more sensibly than ever before, the necessity of having a temple of our own for the worship of the church gathered *there*. All of us felt that there was something extremely incongruous in assembling for religious services in a hall used on week-day evenings for theatrical entertainments. Account for it as you please there is somewhat quite revolting to the feelings even of those that make no pretensions to uncommon piety, in thus grafting serious thoughts upon associations of mere amusement, if nothing worse, and thus confounding things sacred and profane. The result was, a determination to use our utmost endeavors to build a church, the best within reach of our means, in the course of the coming year. Our society there make little doubt of being able to sustain a pastor as soon as they shall find themselves provided with a church. In fact, they have already subscribed liberally towards this object among themselves. But, being only a few, and mostly young men, with limited means, they turn to their Eastern fathers and brethren for assistance. Does not their situation present strong claims upon their sympathy.

With this object as already intimated, stands connected the inland one at Hillsboro';—an important inland town in this state, about 60 miles from Saint Louis, where there is an excellent academy, and a considerable population of New England origin. The Unitarian Church, there, is unusually large considering the number of worshippers; and even at the time of its formation was very much larger than the church that has been gathered at Quincy. This is somewhat remarkable,—not so much on account of the opposition we have encountered there from other churches, (for this is generally to

our advantage when waged as it commonly is in a *wrong* spirit; and received, as too often it is *not*, in the right spirit,)—remarkable, I say, from the relative smallness of the population of Hillsboro', and the number of other Churches. For, the village itself contains only five or six hundred inhabitants, although many of the country people round attend meetings there; and there are already four churches in the village, three of which are provided with meeting houses—two quite above the grade of plainness—built in part with funds from abroad. The fact is, the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist denominations of the eastern states take better care of *their* Western colonial branches, in this respect, than the Unitarians do of theirs. Let us give credit where it is due. They fling out their treasure liberally, in order to found and sustain their infant churches in the West; and by all means ensure them a ministry, and constant services on the Sabbath. Yet our church at Hillsboro' numbers already thirty communicants, to more than half of whom the ordinance of baptism was administered by sprinkling, at the time when the church was formed, although my labors during the two years I made that place my head quarters were interrupted, and I preached more than half the time in other places. And I should be willing to submit the question to our wealthier eastern churches, almost without argument, whether this faithful flock, who, when I last heard from them were keeping up the lay service on the Sabbath, ought not by *their* means to be continually nourished with 'the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby' in that faith, which many of them have but lately embraced at such sacrifices, yet with such cordial attachment; and of which they bid fair to be, nay already *are* ornaments and zealous advocates. Shall they not have a place of worship of their own, where they may no longer be subjected to the opprobrium of being an irregular, disorderly, secularized company of worshippers, (from the necessity of assembling in unsuitable and unhallowed places,)—secure hereafter from the inconvenience of being driven from place to place, and compelled sometimes wholly to suspend the public religious exercises of the sabbath,—as we were, last winter, for want of a comfortable room, in a central situation. Like our friends at Quincy, they too, are resolved to have a sanctuary. But resolutions alone will not fell and hew timber, purchase a building-lot, and rear walls. Probably they will attempt to build a church, the best that their resources will afford, which indeed are small, and require to be augmented by the contributions of their more favored brethren at home. They really need assistance. In my humble opinion they deserve it. They stand in the front line of the battle now waging between Unitarians and their adversaries of various names, who bury their own differences, in order to make common war upon them. Most gratefully will they receive whatever shall be bestowed; and in the more prosperous days of their really promising future, may it not be, that some opportunity will occur, to return with rich interest, (for they will soon be able,) what may now be given.

Permit me, therefore, through your columns, to make the following proposition—that those of our denomination who are charitably disposed, transmit without delay either to Rev. Charles Briggs, as one of the executive committee of the A. U. A., or to John S. Hayward of Hillsboro', Ill., or to Charles Gilmah Esq. of Quincy in the same state, whatever they may have to give, towards building churches in these places.

I have stated, that our friends there are needy. Nor is there any difficulty in comprehending this, notwithstanding all that we hear said of the beauty, fertility and flattering prospects of the western portion of our country; which, on account of low prices in produce, does by no means enrich the cultivator in proportion to its really exuberant productiveness. So that, though our friends there have golden prospects ahead, they are actually poor in present resources, having in many cases exhausted these by the expenses first of journeying thither, and secondly of making their families comfortable in their new abodes. True, great bargains have been made in the west by sales of land; but these have commonly fallen to the lot of those heavily moneyed land-companies, whose members reside elsewhere,—the capitalists of our Atlantic cities. The largest profits of western land-speculations, it is well known, are garnered by those who live on your side of the mountains, whose indefatigable agents have for years and years been scouring the Mississippi valley, and seizing upon every chance for a profitable investment, as soon as it occurred. Fortunes have been thus accumulated by many, that never in their lives beheld a prairie, and have never given a dollar towards the moral improvement of the country, from which, however they have taken the very cream. No disparagement to them, either. They have only done what others would have been forward to do, with similar opportunities. But certainly it is reasonable, that they be now invited to come forward, and aid with their purse the hard pressed settlers, who have bought lands of *them*, and thus yielded them those large and easy profits, but themselves 'borne the heat and burden of the day,' as respects improving the country, and establishing in the midst of it Christian institutions. Nor do I suppose that these individuals will be backward about doing thus. They are high-minded men, and what is more, are governed (certainly some of them) by Christian principle; and having already reaped a rich harvest to their private fortunes, they are willing, I doubt not, to make a rich return in 'spiritual things.'

I know it will be said, by way of weakening the cause of Western missions, that the feeble churches of New England have a prior claim upon the charities of our denomination. But these are already under the influence of other beneficent institutions, which do much to supply the want of a preached Gospel. I should most heartily rejoice, if our contributions were so bountiful as to embrace these, as well as the infant societies of the West; but let us not neglect the infant giant, out of a too fond solicitude for the 'feeble' New England child. Surely none can doubt, that money laid out judiciously in such places as Chicago, Quincy or Hillsboro', will go much farther towards spreading our faith, than the same amount applied to the weak, decrepid churches of the country towns of New England; and the reason is, that *here*, where intellect and industry are all alive, just wheeling into marching columns, to do battle for society, learning and religion, where society is still in a forming state,—where churches are just shooting their crystals through the effervescent social mass, the first nucleus that offers will succeed best, whereas, in the older states, the lines are already distinctly drawn between existing churches, and proselytes from one to another are made with difficulty. Yours, &c, W. P. H.

THE LOVE BETWEEN CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.—The mutual intercourse, on this ground of love, between Christ and the church, is the life and soul of the whole creation; for on the account hereof all things consist in him. There is more glory under the eye of God, in the sighs, groans and mournings of poor souls filled with the love of Christ, after the enjoyment of him according to his promises, in their fervent prayers for his manifestation of himself unto them, in the refreshments and unspeakable joys which they have in his gracious visits and embraces of his love, than in the thrones and diadems of all the monarchs on the earth. Nor will they themselves part with the ineffable satisfactions which they have in these things for all that this world can do for them, or unto them. 'They would rather suffer with Christ than reign Cæsar.' These things have not only rendered prisons and dungeons more desirable unto them than the most goodly palaces on future accounts; but have made them really places of such refreshments and joys, as men shall seek in vain to extract out of all the comforts that this world can afford.—*Owen.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PARTY SPIRIT. A Sermon delivered at Portsmouth, N. H. on the day of the Annual Fast, April 4, 1839, by Andrew P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church and Parish.

(*Concluded.*)

But time would fail me to advert even to a small portion of the catalogue of evils flowing from this reckless party spirit; and I hasten to a few considerations, which may tend to allay the strong personal feeling connected with it. It is but too manifest, my friends, that political divisions occasion social alienation. You cannot harmonize in private life with those, who vote not with you. You are blind to the virtues, Argus-eyed for the faults of those, who dissent from your political creed. The most amiable manifestations of personal character are lost upon you in one of the opposite party from your own. You infer a man's honesty or dishonesty, not from his general character and daily walk, but from his political associations; instead of inferring that a man, who is pure and faithful in his private relations and duties, must needs be honest, even if mistaken, in his political creed. But let me remind you, that the points at issue between the two parties, however important, are not such as necessarily involve the moral character of those, who differ with regard to them. The nefarious doctrines and designs, so sincerely attributed by one party to the other, are only matters of inference. They are not openly professed or advocated, and we therefore have no right to assert their secret existence. The extremes of *agrarianism* have been charged upon the one party, and of *aristocracy* upon the other, with nearly equal justice. Both sets of principles have no doubt been entertained by individuals, and have occasionally found their way into party speeches and newspapers; but neither has ever been the acknowledged creed of any party in this country. On the other hand, wherever the imputation has been cast, it has been indignantly rejected. The points of actual difference are such as honest men may honestly differ about. Take, for instance, the question of a *hard money* or a *paper* currency, which after all is, with the large majority of the nation, only a question of more or less; for there are, I am inclined to think, very few, who would wish altogether to abolish paper money. But suppose the difference as wide as it could be. It is a question, on which the divine law is silent, on which conscience utters no response, on which the 'light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' sheds not a single ray. A man may equally love God and his neighbor, do justice, and walk humbly, whether he is the partizan or the opponent of an exclusively metallic currency. Self-interest, the desire of office, the lust of power, are not the only considerations, which may sway a man one way or the other on this question. Both sides of it have been maintained by retired men, who never sought office or favor,—by political economists, who never left or desired to leave the seclusion of their studies, and whose only guides in their inquiries were observation, history, and the love of truth. The same remark applies in general to all the points under discussion. On all of them, both sides have been taken by fair-minded and disinterested theorists; and both may be maintained without any dereliction of moral honesty.

But perhaps you admit as much as this; yet say: 'We cannot be on easy and familiar terms in social life with those, who differ so widely from us in political opinions. We cannot choose them for our intimates. If they avow such sentiments, they must seek their associates accordingly. Or if they still seek our society, while we will be frigidly polite, we cannot receive them as cordially, as if they cast in their lot with us. In our own circles, we want to discuss our own politics; and are under constraint and embarrassment, when those of different views are present, or else are perpetually incurring the risk of wounding their feelings. We had better walk apart, unless we are agreed. 'But, my friends, where is the necessity of carrying these political discussions to your homes and your social gatherings,—of lighting the lurid flame of partizan warfare on their hearth-stones, which should glow with no fire but that of hospitality and kindness? Do not the day-time and the street, the committee-room and the popular assembly, furnish season and scope enough for these discussions, without disquieting the domestic and social circle with them? Is there not common ground enough for edifying and improving conversation, without reverting to the thread-bare topics of party conflict? Lies there not open the whole field of literature and morals, of taste and science, of benevolence and philosophy? I have often been in communities where a high partition wall was built up between different sects of Christians, and it was deemed impossible for them to associate together; and, if some luckless intruder of another sect happened in upon a social circle, conversation would die away, and every countenance would assume the aspect of anxiety and vexation. I have turned away from such a state of society with pity and disgust; and have heartily thanked the good Providence, that cast my lot, where Christians of different names can meet together, face to face and heart with heart, can unite cordially in society, can sympathize in each other's joys and sorrows, can take pleasant counsel together about their common interests, and forget that they worship the Father in different temples. Brethren, in this we may congratulate ourselves. If we still fall below the gospel standard, we yet are, I think, in advance of our times and neighbors in the doing away of *religious* bigotry. And when, in other communities, I have seen those of opposite *political* creeds bound by the closest intimacy of friendship, engaged heart and hand in the same good causes, jealous of each other's fair fame, frankly conceding to each other the right of honest difference, and either occupying common ground in social conversation, or discussing disputed points for the mutual comparison of views in a kindly tone and spirit, I have earnestly longed to see this distinction of *political* tolerance and charity added to the other, which we already enjoy. I have felt that this only is wanting to make our community one, on which the God of peace would indeed command his blessing.

My brethren, you ought to *know* each other better; and, if you did, you would find much to esteem and love, where you now see only grounds of suspicion and dislike. And if there is in either party a leaven of perversity, it will grow by separation and denunciation; but would soon be purged away by kindness and confidence. Our town can never fully develope its resources, and take the stand, which we are all solicitous to see it hold, in point of education, good order, morality and enterprize, till the lost bond is restored, till we feel more as one body, with common interests and common aims. God has placed us here together as brethren. Let us no longer suspect each other, and keep aloof from each other. There are sound heads and honest hearts in both parties. If they will only come together they will find ample grounds of sympathy and bonds of union. I do believe that this union for all social and municipal purposes, this mutual good understanding, this exclusion of party politics from questions and matters, in which they have no place, may be brought about, though not without strong and determined effort, perhaps not without concessions and sacrifices, which it would seem hard to make to a worse cause But he, who would be an apostle of peace and union, must not intermit his efforts for any rebuff or discouragement at the outset. His words may long fall on the empty air. His plans may time and again be frustrated and scattered. But so surely as he will persevere undaunted by obstacles or obloquy, his ultimate success is certain.

It is because I see so clearly the desirableness, nay, the necessity of a more kindly state of feeling than now subsists, that I have viewed with deep regret a disposition to foster prematurely in the rising generation the party prepossessions of their seniors. These mock caucuses and boyish political celebrations may indeed seem mere sport. You think your children too ignorant of party distinctions, for the matter to be even viewed in a serious light. I know that they are ignorant, that they use these names without attaching any definite significancy to them. But for that very reason these juvenile doings will work the greater harm. For, if, in these party distinctions about which they prate, they can reach no other definite ideas, they can attain to those of dislike and animosity; and I have seen enough and heard enough in our streets to convince me that there is hardly a school-boy in town, who has not apprehended these ideas in their full force. Now you do not want to make these feuds hereditary. You do not want your sons to grow up and enter into life, with these deep social prejudices already formed. You do not want to hand down to them the alienations and divisions, which, I know, many of you deeply lament. You may despair of any change for the better; but, by baptizing your children in these waters of strife, you are doing all that you can to stamp the image of the present on all future times.

My friends, I have in this discourse spoken plainly and frankly. I have spoken coolly too,—dispassionately; and I now attempt no final appeal, but leave my facts and arguments, if they deserve heed, to make their own appeal. I have purposely avoided all declamatory language, and have rejected strong epithets, when they have occurred to me, because I was unwilling to seem guilty of an error, with which the advocates of peace often are, and with which I no doubt have sometimes been chargeable, namely, that of pleading for peace in a belligerent spirit. If I know my own heart, I have none but kindly feelings for the individuals of either party; nor do I believe that either party collectively, unless embittered by opposition, would grossly mismanage the state or nation. I have, indeed, my decided political preferences, though, with the waywardness always to be expected of one, who has had no drilling in political tactics, I should find it hard to keep rank and file with those, with whom in the main I sympathize. I am well aware that one, who takes the attitude, which I have assumed this afternoon, by identifying himself with neither party, incurs the risk of being rejected by both. But I have taken this course conscientiously. I could not hold my peace with a safe conscience. Never shall the pulpit through my lips resound with the notes of partizan strife; but, on all subjects and in all controversies, I deem it not only my right, but my bounden duty as a gospel minister, to preach peace. I may, (though I solemnly believe not,) I may have pressed the claims of forbearance and tolerance too far; but, if so, I will only pray that all my errors may lean the same way. And, brethren, may the God of peace long give us around this altar, and, in his own early time, as a town, a state and a nation, to know 'how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'

THE FIRST OATH ON BOARD.

'My lads,' said a captain when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter deck, to take the command of the ship, 'there is one law that I am determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed, it is a favor which I ask of you, and which as a British officer I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen—what say you, my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain, who promises to treat you well, one favor?' 'Hi, hi, sir,' cried all hands. 'Please to let's know what it is, sir,' said a rough looking hoarse-voiced boatswain. 'Why, my lads,' said the captain, 'it is this: *that you must always allow me to swear the first oath in this ship;* this is a law I cannot be denied. No man on board must swear an oath before I do: I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board H. M. S. C ———. What say you my lads, will you grant me this favor? Remember you will come aft to ask favors of me soon; come, what do you say,—am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board the C ———?' The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. —'They were taken,' says one, '*all aback.*'—'They were brought up,' says another, '*all standing.*' They looked at each other for a moment, as if they would say, why, there is to be no swearing in the ship. The captain reiterated his demand in a firm but pleasant voice, 'Now, my fellows, what do you say, am I to have the privilege from this time of swearing the first oath on board?'

The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced 'Hi, hi, sir,' with their accustomed three cheers, when they left the quarter deck.

'I say, Jack,' said one of the sailors to the boatswain's mate, as they went down the main hatchway ladder, 'My eyes, but what a *skipper* we've shipped now; stand clear, *jaw tackling* fore and aft now; look out for squalls now, every dog on board; mind you don't *rap out*, Jack, as you generally do; clap a stopper on the *rea rope* now; keep your eyes on the corporal, all hands; the captain's to swear the first oath, depend upon it, he'll have the first fellow to the *gangway* who swears an oath before he begins.' The effect was good,—swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.—*Ed. Recorder.*

THE PLEASURE OF GOOD HABITS.—The Providence of God has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it matter of duty, and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing or satiety.

The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil; he passes the day singing: custom has naturalized his labor to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself, live out of it. Whereas no custom can make the painfulness of a debauch easy or pleasing to a man; since nothing can be pleasant that is unnatural.

But now, if God has interwoven such a pleasure with the works of our ordinary calling; how much superior and more refined must that be, that arises from the survey of a pious and well governed life? Surely as much as Christianity is nobler than a trade.—*South.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TO THE REV. O. A. BROWNSON.

Sir,—I too have a word which must be spoken. I have felt some hesitation upon the propriety of addressing you personally, but the consideration that what I say will thus the more certainly receive your attention, induces me to waive etiquette and do so.

I would first express to you the satisfaction I have derived from reading many articles in the Boston Review. You have given to the world new, just, and comprehensive views of the Destiny of Man, in a clear and masterly manner. As I have thrilled and trembled before the magnificence of the truths you have discerned and revealed I have almost ranked you among the Prophets! Alas! for human nature, I fear you will never be ranked among the martyrs.

It is not easy to express to you the regret, chagrin, mortification with which I read the last article in the last number of the Review. What, the author of the 'originality of Jesus' become the member of a Party? The author of Democracy in the First number, a Partizan in the last? The Champion of Humanity, a Party advocate? Can these things be? It is as Moses coming from the presence of God, and breaking in pieces the Sacred Tables.

You say, in extenuation, 'there is no alternative'—'nothing remains for them (the friends of progress) then, but to unite with the *Democratic Party, so called*' &c. and you endeavor to prove that no efficient *third party* can be formed. What then, must there be party? Cannot principle do it? Cannot Christianity effect it? or is Christianity a dream never to be realized?

I think, sir, if all the *professing Christians* of all parties were to leave the principle of *party* and deem the Christian principles enough to reform and save Humanity, there would be a power quite sufficient for the purpose, and if these Christians would act upon, and carry out these principles, I think it would be an efficient power for *any* purpose.

You think the Democratic Party identical with Christianity. Change, Reform, it is true, is the object of both,—but the kind of reform and the means used to achieve it are, it appears to me, widely different in the two. The reform of the *Party* (one *part* of mankind against the other) is change, 'rotation.' It says 'you have been rich, you have been high, you have been noble, now it is our turn.' The reform of Christianity is change, progress to all. It addresses itself to *all* mankind. 'Whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister.' 'Whosoever will be chief let him be your servant,' &c. Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.' The Party says, 'equalize wealth, destroy privilege.' Hear Christ, 'And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me. And he said unto him, man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? And he said unto them, take heed and beware of covetousness: *for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*' It is true, Christ says to the rich man, 'Sell what thou hast and give to the poor,' but He does not say to the poor man 'Go and take it.' He also says, 'it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.' This, as you once said, will be found to have a meaning,—but one would think it rather a caution against the acquisition of riches than an inducement to envy one's rich neighbor. Christianity recognizes men as already equal in privilege. 'Every one that asketh, receiveth,' &c. The Party considers poverty, obscurity, suffering, as evils not to be endured. The beatitudes of Christianity are all for the patient, poor and lowly, the resigned under affliction and persecution. I would not deny that worldly equality is desirable in its place, 'but seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

This leads me to a consideration of the means used to accomplish this reform, and establish the reign of justice upon the earth. The Party uses force and destruction, the force of numbers, 'the majority,' and cries 'Down with this' and 'down with that.' It attacks the outward, the form; its hand is against its neighbor. Christ came 'not to destroy but to fulfil.' 'He shall not strive, nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall he not break and smoking flax shall he not quench till he send forth judgment unto victory.' Christianity makes its attack upon the heart against 'spiritual wickedness.' 'It wrestles not with flesh and blood.' It calls upon each man to reform *himself* and not his neighbor. It says, 'First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.' The Leaders of Party Democracy would 'ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.' The founder of Christianity stilled the tempest. These are a few of the discrepancies that strike my mind between Party and Christianity.

You may say 'what then? must there not be party even to sustain Christian principles? No, sir, no! If you will for a moment suppose Christianity a reality, you will see that if its principles were carried out, the cause, the salvation of Humanity is gained. Imagine a state of society, where every man should love his neighbor as himself—where each should do as he would be done by, where enemies and persecutors are loved and blessed and prayed for—where vengeance is left to whom it belongeth. Would it not equalize wealth? for the rich man would sell and give to the poor. Abolish distinctions? for each one would humble himself and minister to his brethren. Neutralize vanity and luxury, want and perplexity, it each took no thought for the morrow? 'What shall we eat and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed?'

You may say again, 'this is impracticable' or 'we have a long way to go to reach this point even if it were intended to be understood literally.' Sir, is it not proof that it is to be taken literally, that if it were, it would heal every woe under the sun? If then it is to be taken according to the letter, it must be *practicable.* I am as fully convinced of its *practicability* as I am of the truth of Christianity. No doubt this may appear to you and others, as idle, wild, extravagant. Yet such it is not. The light of this truth is brighter to me than the Sun at mid day.

You may ask, how is it to be done? I answer *individually*! No association, no society, no Party can be found for such objects. None but a glorious company of martyrs can accomplish this. He who would aid in the regeneration of mankind, must be willing to be despised, contemned, forsaken, must bear poverty and toil, and imposition and ingratitude, yea, he must rejoice and be exceeding glad when men shall revile him and persecute him. He must turn his cheek to the smiter, and if need be, die! 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his Lord.' Singly, though not alone, for God is with him, must he 'fight the good fight.' And the battle is to be done in his own heart—in the straight and narrow way of Individuality must he walk, for his foes are those of his own household.' To meet these he must put on, not human defences, but the 'armor of God,' Truth, Righteousness, Faith, Peace, Salvation and the Word of God, and having withstood these evils and 'done all,' he is 'to stand.'

We may hope, (though there is little evidence of it) that this warfare is going on in many hearts. Men are indeed awaking to the light of christianity. It has long been shining in darkness which comprehended it not. Its precepts have been modified and temporized with, until Christians cannot be known without proclaiming themselves and sounding a trumpet before them. But the time has come when the question is asked, and asked of you, Sir, 'is there any meaning in these things?'

With gratitude for your wonderful labors in the Lord's Vineyard,

I am with respect

Your friend. W.

AFFLICTION.

I am not better than my fathers. I am deeply conscious I am corrected less, yea infinitely less, than my iniquities deserve. I hope I am more anxious to see my heavy affliction sanctified than removed. Whether it would be best for it to be removed, may well be doubted. Of the admirable benefits arising from sanctification, both in time and eternity, there can be no doubt. I presume the Lord sees I require more hammering and hewing than almost any other stone that was ever selected for his spiritual building, and that is the secret reason of his dealings with me. Let me be broken into a thousand pieces, if I may but be made up again, and formed by his hand for purposes of his mercy. I see more and more of the unspeakable blessedness of being made like God, and of becoming partaker of his holiness. I see it, I say, but I do not attain; or, at least, in so unspeakably small a degree, that I have every moment reason to be abased, and 'repent in dust and ashes.'—*R. Hall.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

THANKSGIVING.

This is a beautiful custom, received from the fathers. It carries back our sympathies to those venerable men, who amidst trials, fears and conflicts, laid the foundations of New England's greatness. Pressed by poverty—surrounded by dangers and savage foes, the painful recollection of left and distant homes, friends, kindred, whom they no more hoped to see in this world, shading every thought and emotion, on these bleak, rocky shores—they assembled, annually, in their poor, comfortless churches, to offer their united thanks to God. In possession of the smallest portion of outward good, the merest necessaries of life, their hearts overflowed with gratitude. Noble men! *They* needed not wealth, property, luxury to convince them that God is good. To live, pray, hope as Christians, with the helps and consolations of the holy spirit, were sufficient for them. To be sons of God, heirs of heaven's glory, an eternal portion of the universe, was enough for them. The gift of immortal souls, to share a divine nature, satisfied them. They needed not riches, comforts, refinements—the pride, circumstance and pomp of life to teach them the value of existence. To be born of God, to suffer with Christ, to triumph under his cross, was to them riches and glory. Were they not then noble men? Did they not look out upon the world from a most elevated position? Its ranks, pretensions, and hypocrisies, they saw through. They perceived clearly the elements of true good, honor, and greatness. They were spiritually minded. And spiritual conceptions, desires and objects were supreme with them. To benefit the soul they gladly sacrificed all things. A free, holy emotion they valued above ease and safety, a lofty impulse more than comforts and homes, a heroic purpose, thrilling and exalting their nature more than life.

What higher contemplation on earth than that of a man in the midst of poverty and want, disasters and disappointments, with profound gratitude, thanking his Maker for his being, for his affections, faculties and destines. He has overcome the world. The mysteries of existence no longer oppress him. Its great end is distinctly revealed to him. What is true and good he knows. Joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity he understands. The consummation to which all events, ministrations, agencies and influences are tending, full of joy, beauty and grandeur, is opened to his view. He hears no longer a chaos of sounds but one glad, gentle voice sounding through the universe. He no longer sees a perpetual war of conflicting elements, but an almighty, beneficent providence embracing and controlling all things, vicissitudes and agents—guiding the tide of human affairs and activity forward to the gates of Paradise. Pride and power, fashion and rank cannot move him. Coronets and sceptres cannot abash him. He has been ennobled by the touch of a more glorious hand, his heraldry is in heaven, his blood derived from prophets and apostles, his descent from the Almighty. The universe is his minister and friend. His angels are ever looking on the face of God. Clouds of invisible witnesses are ever watching his course. His deeds send an influence into the mansions of the saints. He is striving to win an everlasting crown and throne.

Such men were our fathers. With such views they laid the foundations of New England. They sought first the kingdom of God. With them, moral good was the only essential good. Moral ideas are at the basis of our institutions. And all other things *have* been added unto us. Probably there is no people on earth in the enjoyment of so large a share of material good. This is the great truth for us to demonstrate. To gain and increase earthly good, the welfare of the soul must be the supreme purpose and endeavor. Outward good follows in the train of spiritual advancement. As the moral wealth of our nature is unfolded, physical wealth is discovered and augmented. This is the decree of God. The consequences of its violation are written in blood over all past history. It was the sin of Adam. It has ever since involved his posterity in woes. The supremacy of spiritual excellence is the eternal, irrevocable law. To reverse it is to fight against God. The most righteous, spiritually advanced nation will be the richest and most powerful. The New Testament is the best book ever written on political economy. It alone can safely and successfully guide nations to wealth.

The interest of the soul was the *great* interest with our fathers. And this conviction carried into practice, has made us what we are. It has given us a name and a praise in the whole earth. It has filled our borders with a thriving, improving, happy population—with quiet, secure, joyous homes. The amount of practical energy among us is unsurpassed. Our commerce is in every sea. The sun never sets on the productions of our skill and industry.

It is only by obedience to the same truth that we can preserve and transmit the blessings we have received. The great object with us must be moral and intellectual advancement and acquisition. To improve, adorn, and bless the soul, we must do all things. We must count nothing valuable in comparison with the spiritual welfare of our children and coming generations. Let us labor and spend for this object, in the deep conviction, that we are so using the most effectual means to secure their present prosperity—that all inferior good will follow of course.

There are some signs that many among us are forgetting this truth. We mean some to whom better views were to be expected. There is danger that animalism is spreading in the community. Multitudes appear ambitious to run the old, vulgar race of fashion and display. To shine is their glory—fine linen, their pride. Costly furniture has more attractions for them, than the starry heavens—a French phrase, than the words of inspiration—fine clothes, than the robes of righteousness—sumptuous dinners, than the supper of the Lamb—*good society*, than the communion of saints—the smiles of the fashionable, than the approbation of God. Poor creatures! Their minds are blinded. They walk in darkness. They are victims of the basest superstition. What sacrifice so abhorred of heaven, as that of an immortal soul to a dying body—the capacities of godlike excellence on the altars of vanity! They are more to be pitied than those crushed beneath the wheels of Juggenaut. Without they *appear* splendid—but within lie feeble, selfish, envious, cold, worthless souls. And they think themselves refined and enlightened. They are in fact the truly vulgar—the really barbarous. What can appear more preposterous than such people walking the streets, once trodden by pilgrims and puritans! Let this spirit prevail and our glory departs. But it cannot prevail. The *true* spirit is yet strong

among us. The influence of the glorious company is yet felt and revered. We yet place man's interest and dignity in worth and intelligence. And let us at all times give thanks to God for the example, the teachings, the institutions of our fathers. They have kindled fires on all our hills. Let us keep them ever brightly burning. They have poured living streams through all our valleys. Let us preserve them in all their purity and freshness, that they may baptize with fire and holy energy, the coming generations. They have thrown a spiritual influence over the objects of nature about us. May we so live and act that the places, in which we stand, shall not become less heavenly.

And let us use all means to deepen in our own minds and inculcate in others, the great principle, which governed them, that to gain the world we must save the soul.

ORDINATION.

Mr R. C. Waterston, was ordained as Minister at Large in Boston, on Sunday evening last.

The following is the order of services: Introductory Prayer and Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Dr Parkman; Sermon, by Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D. D.; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. F. T. Gray; Charge, by Rev. E. S. Gannett; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. George Ripley; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Chandler Robbins.

The sermon was characterized by the simplicity, directness and force which distinguish the author's performances. The latter portion was truly impressive. It stated the great need and claim of this ministry. There is a large class of population in every country—especially in every large city, that cannot be reached except by a peculiar application of Christianity, adapted to their wants and conditions. The *gospel* must be preached to them. The preaching of government, philosophy, opinion, literature is powerless in relation to *them*. They are apart or beneath all the better and more healthful influences of society. If we would save them, we must put in operation some means suited to their circumstances. And till they are, in some good degree, saved, all efforts to promote the highest interests of man, in his social relations, will be futile. Our hopes are sanguine. In this institution, we think, can be seen the germs of a system, that is to do more to relieve and regenerate the nations than all other discoveries, inventions and enterprises of modern times. After the names of hundreds of scholars and statesmen and princes, that are walking the high places of the earth, shall be forgotten, the name of the apostolic individual, who first devoted himself to this great work, will be fresh and fragrant in the gratitude and reverence of mankind.

The following Hymn was written for the above occasion, by Rev. J. T. Sargent.

Maker of all! both rich and poor,
Whose hopes in Thee together meet,
In prayer we bend, in praise adore,
With meekness, at thy mercy seat.

Aid now, O God, the impulse given
To that design which Jesus blessed;
To give the poor the wealth of heaven,
To lead the weary to their rest.

Thou who around Bethesda's brim,
Didst once in healing grace descend,
Be now the health and help of him
Whose steps we trace,—'the poor man's friend.'

Help us to be what Christ desired;
Whate'er he taught, or wished, or was:
And in the faith which he inspired,
To do thy will, to bear his cross.

LICENSE LAW.

We do not agree entirely with the views of the following communication. We have never had the least doubt the people had the most ample right to enact this law, for their security and protection. The object it is designed to effect is most desirable and important. If it produce a small portion of the results contemplated by its friends, its enactment will become a glorious era in the history of the Commonwealth. It seems to be a proper mode to remove the mischiefs and woes that follow the retail of alcohol. Why should not the citizens combine their strength through legal forms to drive this monster, that is preying on the vitals ir happiness and prosperity, and drinking lood of their friends and children, from g them? Or must they look passively on ee these full broad streams, pouring desolation over every fair and fertile field, blighting every lovely, noble plant, exhaling and filling the heavens with pestilential vapors, and bearing thousands, on their hot, black bosoms, into the ocean of perdition? Why should they not employ every means which God and nature have placed within their reach to lessen these evils and miseries? Why should they not use spiritual and carnal weapons, persuasion and force, precepts and penalties, individual example and the authority of the state? Why should they not address every feeling, fear, affection and hope of our nature? Why should they not call on the past and the future, the memory of the dead and the interests of unborn generations, the blood of Jesus and of patriots, earth, heaven, hell, to contribute their influences to effect this great work? Must parents in *silent* anguish behold their children, children their parents, wives their husbands—all their friends, companions and neighbors, sinking day by day, into a fathomless gulf of infamy and wretchedness? Shall they not call on the state to come with all its powers to their help and rescue it to close these fountains of woes more vast and intolerable, than war and famine ever produced? This has been our manner of viewing the subject. But we have never been decided in opinion as to the probable results of this law. We do not think ourself well qualified to judge in such matters. History has taught us that few things are more uncertain than the consequences of a law, intended to act on the habits and passions of the people. The greatest statesmen have found themselves vastly mistaken and defeated their most cherished purpose. We see no reason however to doubt that the license law has done as much and as well as its most ardent promoters anticipated. We think it has accomplished their highest expectations. It has gained in their confidence. So those tell us who have had the best means of observing its operation. We think however, we have seen signs of one bad effect. It has induced to the cause of temperance a class of young politicians, or who are ambitious to become such. We would not be uncharitable. But we cannnot avoid the impression that they are making *it* a lever to lift them into certain places. The honest friends of temperance do not well to encourage them. We need not such aid. It weighs like lead upon our energies. The moral dignity and glory of the cause are departing under their hands. They never speak but to do harm. Let them not intrude into these holy places. Their presence is desecration.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—Although an opponent to the present License Law, I am glad that Mr Pierpont has obtained a vote in his society to retain his place in his pulpit. You can persuade men to do good and act well, but you never can drive them to it by strong coercive laws. This the most Ultra Temperance man can now see, to his entire satisfaction, if any thing can satisfy him, since the present election has passed.

The only way for the Temperance Society to regain their lost ground, is to go back to the place they occupied before this vexed question was carried into the Legislature. Let them lecture, let them preach—it is a minister's duty so to do—but never let them try again to enforce any doctrine by a penal statute, as nothing but confusion and utter defeat can result in this country from such movements. This was foretold them in the commencement by their friends; and what was then considered by them a want of faith in the cause, has now proved a bitter truth. Believing it utterly impossible for the cause to flourish or advance until the late law is repealed and the question withdrawn from the Legislature,

I remain yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

We understand Mr Dewey has in press and shortly to be published another volume of discussions and discourses on religious and theological subjects. The announcement we are confident, will be received with pleasure by all our readers.

INTELLIGENCE.

Congress.—Our national legislature will commence its session on Monday next. We learn that many members are already at the seat of government, and that others are on their way thither. The two political parties seem to be nearly balanced, and it is expected that there will be a severe struggle in the election of Speaker.

Representatives from Massachusetts.—Elections have been held in the 1st and 6th Districts of this State for Representatives in Congress. In the first, (Boston) Hon. Abbot Lawrence has been elected in the place of Hon. Richard Fletcher, resigned. In the 6th District, (in which the late lamented Alvord was the member elect) there was no choice. The candidates who had the highest number of votes were Osmyn Baker, (3382) and Rodolphus Dickinson, (3023). The number of votes necessary to a choice was 3382. Monday, Dec. 23d, has been appointed by the Governor for another trial.

African Slave Trade.—In a recent letter from Governor Buchanan of Liberia, we have the following statements in regard to the efforts for the suppression of the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa.

'Since my active hostility to the slave trade has become generally known, slave vessels have grown quite shy of the Colony, and of course I have not the same facilities for gathering information with regard to the presence of American slavers on this coast, though I occasionally collect a few facts. The following two vessels have been recently captured and carried into Sierre Leone; The 'Jack Wilding,' of Baltimore, a fine large schooner, with a full cargo, and eleven hundred doubloons on board, taken at Acra about a month ago; the 'Wankeen,' of New Orleans, taken at New Cesters a few weeks since There are two other American schooners, regular slavers, now at the leeward, whose names I have not yet been able to learn. There are at present *twenty* English men-of-war on the coast, and though they are vigilant and successful to a degree, I would undertake, with a single American cruiser and proper authority to act, to make more seizures, and more effectually injure the slave-trade here than the whole of them. The reason is obvious; they, in nineteen cases in twenty, dare not touch a vessel under the American flag, and every slaver now is furnished with that sovereign protection.

As a means of destroying the slave-trade, Mr Buxton proposes the prosecution of a legitimate commerce in Africa. We are told that there are now, indications that British commercial colonies will soon be established along the Western Coast. The Vermont Chronicle, alluding to the influence of the American colonies on the coast, says; 'The process of directing the thoughts and energies of the natives to legitimate articles of commerce,—to the rich and spontaneous products of their soil, and to what it readily yields in profusion to the hand of industry is already well begun.'

The importance of the active co-operation of the American government with the British, to the suppression of the slave trade, is very manifest when we consider how commonly the American flag is wrongfully used by the slavers as a protection against the English cruisers. On this subject, Judge Wilkinson, after mentioning the vessels lately sent out by our Government says; 'Dr. H. (Hall, we suppose) an intelligent merchant well acquainted with western Africa, who, three days ago, returned from a trading voyage on that coast, gives it as his opinion that two fast sailing American armed vessels acting in concert with the British, might put an end to the slave-trade from the Gambia to the equinoctial line.'

The capabilities of Africa, and the advantages arising, both to that and to other countries from a suppression of the trade, is thus referred to by Judge Wilkinson. 'This hellish traffic once suppressed the attention of the natives would soon be turned from war and the slave-trade, to agriculture and the manufacture of palm oil. The native African is not slow to discern his interest, or to change his pursuits. Let inducements be offered and he applies his labor to new objects of industry with as much facility as a yankee. This will appear from the following attested anecdote.

'In 1820, Capt. Spence, an Englishman, who traded in ivory, gold, and woods on the African coast, believing that the manufacture of palm oil might be increased by the natives, so as to become an article of commerce, left an empty cask to be filled with oil by the time he made another voyage to the place, but the natives who had never thought of obtaining more than a supply for their own limited wants, hooted at the idea of collecting so large a quantity and did not even attempt it. Capt. Spence found his barrel empty on his return, but persevered in offering inducements to the natives, until instead of being unable to obtain a single barrel, he has for some years kept four ships employed in the palm oil trade, and obtains two hundred puncheons annually from the place where he first set up his empty cask.'

The natives now furnish this article in such quantities, that in April last, eight thousand tons of British shipping was loading with palm oil in the river Bonny.'

Wool worth having.—Mr. Joseph Barnard, of Hopkinton, N. H. probably had the most valuable 'clip' last year of any Wool Grower in the United States. His stock was small, yielding only 422 lbs, but he received $342 for it. Mr. Lawrence, a great woollen manufacturer of Lowell, who wasthe purchaser, says that the wool passed through the severe ordeal, the 'stapling board,' and came out 'head and shoulders' before any thing of the kind he had ever before seen. When the wool was *sorted*, 32 pounds were found *super extra*, for which $1 00 per pound was paid. 124 pounds *extra*, for which 90 cts. were paid. 154 pounds *prime* at 80 cents, 103 pounds at 70 cents, and the balance at 60 and 50 cents. The lowest of these prices are as high as the best wool in the market has been quoted this autumn, but we have nothing on record, which comes up to the highest prices received by this New Hampshire wool grower. Surely, it wool can be grown at prices as productive as this, grazing farms in mountainous towns have no cause to complain of their cold soil and sterility.—*Amherst, N. H. Cabinet.*

The Laws.—The following paragraph appeared as a communication in the Daily Advertiser of Wednesday.

The object of the present paragraph is to state a fact in reference to a remnant of an English law, still in operation among us, and which has recently come under the cognizance of one of our Probate Courts. The case is this—a wife in her own right, is seized of real property to the amount of 30 or $35,000. She dies, leaving several children. The father by the law in question, is entitled to the income of this property during life. The children, one after the other, become of age, each seeking their own support unaided by the property of their deceased mother. Two of them are females in delicate health, and from the circumstance of their father's second marriage, they have become unhappy at their natural home, and have gone out into the wide world to get their support by means of their needle. Whatever may be said under any circumstances, in favor of the law we speak of, its operation is extremely hard in the instance referred to. We do not believe the public are sufficiently apprised of the existence of such a law, and do most earnestly hope the attention of the Committee on the Judiciary, may be called to it at the next meeting of the Legislature.

From England.—The Steamship 'British Queen' arrived at New York on Saturday evening, and has brought London papers to Nov. 3d. The news she brings as to the pecuniary and mercantile affairs of Europe is considered favorable. The British Parliament has been further prorogued to Dec. 12th.

Duke of Bedford.—By the last arrival accounts are brought of the death of the Duke of Bedford. It is said that his rent-roll amounted to £250,000 per annum.

Prince Albert, of Saxe Cobourg was still in England, and appeared often with the Queen in public.

India.—Despatches to Government from India give accounts of the capture of Ghizny and Cabul, two of the strongest cities in Affghanistan, by the British troops.

British National Debt.—Blackwood's Magazine states that the tory government, in the space of fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo, had paid off eighty millions sterling of the debt, reducing it from 865 millions to 785 millions. And that the whig government has increased the debt a million a year during the eight years of its administration. The writer prophesies that the change in the post office law will produce a farther deficit of one million a year, so that hereafter the yearly increase of debt will be two million sterling.

It is stated that if the taxes had been kept up to the standard of 1815, there would *now* have been paid off 400 millions of the debt; nearly one half.

By a statistical table in the same article we perceive that the population of Great Britain and Ireland has increased in 24 years from 19 to 27 millions.—*North Am.*

Turkey and Egypt.—The Augsburg Gazette of the 26th ult. contains a letter from Constantinople of the 9th, announcing that Hafiz Pacha had been again invested with the command in chief of the Turkish Army in Asia Minor. The same Journal announces from Alexandria, under date of the 6th ult., that Ibrahim Pacha was executed at Aleppo, and it was said that the Egyptian corps in possession of Orfa and Bir had re-crossed the Euphrates. Mehemet was determined on not surrendering the pachalic of Marasch, and Ibrahim had left a strong garrison in the place. He intended marching the remainder of his forces into the interior of Syria, where provisions were more abundant, and their presence necessary to put down insurrectionary attempts. Scheriff Pacha, Governor of Syria, marched on the 14th of September towards the mountains of Haouran, with three batteries of artillery. The whole country around Hebron and adjoining Mount Leggi was in open revolt against the Egyptians.

Russia and Circassia.—The war in Circassia appears to be going on gloriously for the cause of freedom, the Russians having been defeated in an action with the loss of 12,000 men. The address of the Emperor Nicholas to General Grabbe, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Caucasus, 'confesses,' as the Commerce, a French Journal observes, 'a struggle much more animated than the Russian Government desired up to the present time to avow.' The same paper publishes a letter dated St. Petersburg the 12th ult., which states that the same General Grabbe, having besieged the Circassian fortress of Akulko for three months, at length ordered up from the Black Sea the 20th and 21st divisions of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and four batteries of artillery, and with them assaulted the place. The besieged made a most gallant defence, and repulsed the assailants four times.

Ultimately, however, General Galaficief, at the head of the 20th division, penetrated by a breach into the town; a dreadful conflict ensued, which continued until between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, when feeling themselves overmatched, the heroic remains of the garrison evacuated the town under the cover of the darkness, leaving behind them of their number 562 dead and 122 wounded, the principal part of whom were recognized as deserters from the Russian army. The loss of the Russians amounted to 5850 men killed and wounded. Just at the moment when the Russians entered the fortress of Akulko, Schamadi, the chief of the Circassian tribe of Tschetschentses, arrived to the relief of the place, but being too late for that object, he threw himself on the Russian cavalry, overthrew them, and took from them twelve field pieces, which, however, after spiking them, he was obliged to abandon. The total loss of the Russians was not less than 12,000 men. It would be therefore impossible for them to resume warlike operations before the arrival of reinforcements.

DEDICATION.

The splendid Meetinghouse erected by the first Parish in Medford, the past season, and now just completed, will be Dedicated, we understand, to the worship of the One living and true God, on Wednesday next. Services to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 21, Mr Peter Hobart, of Hingham, to Miss Mary, daughter of the late Mr Samuel French, of Boston.

In this city, Nov. 21, Mr John Leaman to Miss Catherine Harding.

Nov. 22, Mr John Daniels to Miss Mary A. Rollins; Mr George J. Pierce to Miss Emeline Canterbury.

In Washington, Nov. 20, Mr George Amerigg, of W., to Miss Mary Stedman, of Boston.

In Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 2, T. L. Budd, Esq., to Miss Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of Rev. John N. Maffit.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Saturday, Capt. Benjamin Cook, 51.

In this city on Sunday morning, Mr Thomas S. Hagar, printer, 31.

In Brookline, on Saturday morning, Mrs Ann, wife of Deacon Otis Withington 39.

In Roxbury, on Saturday morning, Mrs Lois, wife of Mr Samuel Doggett, 44.

In Newton, Upper Falls, 21st inst. Mr Francis Ellis, eldest son of David Ellis. Esq. of Boston, 39.

In Scituate, 21st inst. widow Eunice Bryant, 78.

In North Andover, 20th inst. Mr Samuel Fisher, 41, formerly of Leicestershire, England.

In Nottingham, N. H. 18th inst. Mrs Mary Ann Priest, wife of Mr Joseph Priest, and daughter of Mr Paul Draper, of Roxbury, 22.

In New York, 21st inst. Julia, youngest daughter of the late Gov. De Witt Clinton, 24.

In Mobile, 13th inst. Mr Levi Fletcher 39, a native of Lancaster, Mass. The deceased graduated at Harvard University, in 1823; taught Mathematics in the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia—served as a Chaplain on board the frigate Macedonian, in 1827-8 and 9, and since filled the place of professor of English Mathematics, in the College at Spring Hill, near Mobile, and Dr Pinney's Classical Seminary in that city.

CHRONICLES of England, France, Spain, and the adjoining countries, from the latter part of the reign of Edward 2d, to the coronation of Henry IV. By Sir John Froissart. Translated from the French edition, with variations and additions from many celebrated MSS, by Thomas Johnes, Esq. To which are prefixed a Life of the Author, an essay on his works, and a Criticism on his History. In 2 vols. English edition. For sale at TICKNOR'S, Corner of School and Washington streets. nov. 30.

ROBERT MERRY'S ANNUAL FOR ALL SEASONS.—Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets.

A new and beautiful little Annual for Children containing a great number of elegent engravings, colored and plain, called 'Robert Merry's Annual for all Seasons.'

Author's Dedication.—I present my best regards to all young readers, and beg them to look over my first attempt at authorship, comprised in the following pages. I hope something pleasant may be found here, that is calculated to make young hearts, however good and happy, still better and happier.

ROBERT MERRY.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S GUIDE to Excellence. Embellished by an elegant Steel Frontispiece and Vignette. By Wm. A. ALCOTT, Author of the Young Man's Guide, Young Husband, Young Wife, Young Mother, &c.

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Also, all the American Annuals. For sale to the trade, and at retail by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN. Importers, 112, Washington street. nov. 30

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RACHAEL FORD.—A Gift to the children of Sunday and Sewing Schools at the Pitts Street Chapel, from a Teacher. Just published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS 21 Tremont Row. nov 23

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The subscriber would give notice, that, since the last number of the above Review was published, in which it was stated that the work would close with that volume, arrangements have been made to continue its publication, and that he has assumed the whole responsibility of the publishing department. Mr Brownson will also continue to be the Editor as heretofore, and the contributions of several literary and scientific gentlemen are pledged for the coming year. This work will appear promptly on the first day of January next.

The former popularity of this work, and the independent stand it has taken, are too well known and appreciated to need comment here; but as the motto of the Review is *Progress*, no doubt can be entertained of its taking for the future as elevated a stand as any periodical in the country.

BENJ. H. GREENE
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N. B. Those who wish to complete sets, or have the above Review bound, can call as above.

ENGLISH ANNUALS, for 1840.—The Book of the Boudoir; or the Court of Queen Victoria, a series of Portraits of the English Nobility, engraved by Wm. and Edward Finden, from Drawings by Chalon, Hayter, and Lane, with illustrations in verse—superbly bound in Morocco.

The Iris of Prose, Poetry and Art, with large and beautifully engraved plates and fanciful picturesque borders in a new and unique style; edited by Miss M. K. Mitford—splendidly bound, this day received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington Street nov. 30.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SPENSER, 1st American Edition. This day published the Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser. In five Volumes. First American edition: with introductory observation on the Fary Queen, by the editor. JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington Street. nov. 30.

SACRED PHILOSOPHY OF THE SEASONS Illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year; by Rev. Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, Scotland, with additions and modifications to adapt it to the American Reader, by F. W. P. Greenwood. 4 vols 12mo.

Just published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. n30

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English School of Painting and Sculpture
Wall's Travels in South America
Tudor's do Mexico
Curiosities of Literature Illustrated
Hobbes' English Works
Strutt's Sports and Pastimes
Taylor's survey of German Poetry
Tenneman's Manual of Philosophy
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ACADEMICAL CLASS BOOKS.—Spelling.—Worcester's American Primary Spelling Book Sequel to do.

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Philosophy.—Paley's, Bakewell's, and Abbott's.

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Writing.—Marshall's Writing Books 4 numbers, Barstow's, Towndrow's and Foster's course.

Book-Keeping—Harris', Marshall's, Foster's.

Dictionaries.—Worcester's, Walker's, Johnson's.

The above for sale wholesale and retail, to Teachers and School Committees, at the lowest prices, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Boston Bookstore, No. 134 Washington Street. nov 23

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.—In two Chapters, by Henry Ware Jr, being Tract 147 of the A. U. A. just published by the Agents, JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. nov 30

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do Letter to Jonathan Phillips Esq
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Worcester's Last thoughts on important subjects.
The Sunday Library, edited by Prof. Ware Jr.
Scenes and Characters illustrative of Christian truth, edited by Prof. Ware Jr.
Ware on the Christian Character.
Norton's Statement of Reasons.
Noyes' Translation of the Hebrew Prophets.
do do do Job.
Miriam a Dramatic Poem by the Author of Joanna of Naples 2 edition.
The Young Man's Friend by Rev. A. B. Muzzey
Sunday School Guide by do.
New Views of Christianity, Society and the Church by O. A. Brownson.
Nichols' National Theology. &c. &c.
tf

INFLUENCE OF THE AFFECTIONS.—The Influence of the Affections upon Character, by Edwin Chapman, 18mo. London. A few copies just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street nov 16

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Where may be found a complete assortment of all the most popular books for the young—among which are Abbott's, Howitt's, Parley's, &c. nov. 30.

LA FONTAINE—*A Present for the Young.*—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. published this day, a translation of a part of the Fables of La Fontaine, 1 vol. 18mo. Price 38 cents.

These Fables, from their intrinsic merit, have been long used by the student in French, and from the beauty of this translation it will be found well adapted to assist the learner. They are also the most delightful reading for the young. nov. 30

SPLENDID ENGLISH ANNUALS FOR 1840.—The keepsake, edited by Lady E. Stuart Worthy; illustrated with 12 splendid engravings, by the most eminent artists.

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Fisher's Drawing room Scrap Book, with poetical illustrations by L. E. L. and Mary Howitt; 36 fine Engravings, elegantly bound.

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CHEVALIER'S UNITED STATES.—The very general favor with which this work has been received, fully sustains the recommendatory notices of those who have read the French edition, and of the press.

A writer in the 'Daily Advertiser' says—'He speaks of our civil institutions, of the policy of our government, and of the manners and character of the people, with far more intelligence, discrimination and correctness than any traveller, French or British. He does not flatter or abuse us, but writes with equal candor and intelligence.'

Published by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121 Washington street. nov. 23.

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Teachers commencing classes will be furnished with these books on the most liberal terms by the quantity. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
Nov. 23.

HAYWARD'S GAZETTEER of New England. 15,000 copies of this work have already been sold by the publishers and their agents in New-England. A beautiful View of Boston is contained in the last edition, which, together with the accurate and valuable account of every town in New-England, renders it of great service to every man of business, to the traveller, and all who would examine into the history and present condition of this part of the U. S.—$1,50.

A few good Agents can find employment in canvassing for this work. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121. Washington street. nov. 9.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—NEW ROLLO BOOKS.

THE Subscribers have in press, and will soon publish, the following valuable works;—

I. Woman's Mission. Contents—Introduction; On Power and Influence; The Principle of Social Regeneration wanting; Maternal Influence; The Influence of Women on Society; Proper Sphere for the Influence of Women; Its Nature and Extent; On the Education of Women; Love; Marriage; Maternal Love; The Nature of Influence; Its Source; The Influence of Personal Character; Means of securing Personal Influence; Missionary Spirit; Religion, &c.

II. Rollo's Travels; by Jacob Abbot, author of the 'Rollo Books.'

III. Rollo's Correspondence; by do.

IV. The Senior Reader; a new Reading Book for Schools, by Jacob Abbot, author of 'The Mount Vernon Reader,' &c.

WM. CROSBY & CO.
nov 30 118 Washington st.

SACRED PHILOSOPHY OF THE SEASONS—Edited by F. W. P. Greenwood. For sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington Street. nov 23

THE WELL BRED BOY;—or New School of Good Manners. For sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. nov 23

NEW BOOKS.—Nicholas Nickleby with Illustrations; Jack Sheppard by W. H. Ainsworth; Dumas' Memoirs of the Revolution; The Empire, &c. &c.; Flora's Lexicon; Dwight's Character of Jefferson; Chevalier's Letters on the United States; Well Bred Boy; My Little Friends, by Caroline Gilman; Little Haymakers; &c. &c. &c.

WM. CROSBY & CO.
nov 23 118 Washington st.

ANNUALS FOR 1840.—The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.
Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath.
The Gem and Christmas and New Year's Gift.
The Pearl, or Affection's Gift.
The Garland, &c. &c. &c. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court Street. Oct. 26.

THE BOSTON SPEAKER.—Being a collection of pieces for Declamation. In prose, poetry and dialogue. Designed for the younger classes in Academies and Common Schools. Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st. epis12w august 10

FUTURE LIFE OF THE GOOD.—Contents: Re-union of Friends. Land of the Blessed. Contemplation of Immortality. Recognition. Life of the Blest. Permanency of the Future Life. The Character unchanged by Death.

'This is a little volume on one of the most interesting and important of all subjects—recognition and reunion in another world; and there is no work to our knowledge, so well fitted for common use and free distribution as this.—Chr. Examiner.

Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 122 Court st.
nov 16 ist

BEAN'S ADVICE.—Bean's Advice to a Newmarried pair is for sale at the Office of the Christian Register, neatly bound in figured cloth. Clergymen supplied as usual at the lowest wholesale prices. august 24.

NEW TRACT.—Jesus Christ the Chief Corner Stone, by G. R. Noyes, D. D.

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., agents for A. U. A. n9

PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CHELSEA.

THE subscriber has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public that the Fall quarter of his school will commence on Monday 8 October.

He receives pupils of both sexes whom he is ready to instruct in the ancient and modern languages as well as the various branches of an English education.

A few more lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, Rev. Dr Parkman, Benj. Shurtleff, M. D. HORATIO ALGER.
sept 14

PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL.

THOSE parents, who wish to give their children a thorough English Education, where they may escape the evils incident to city schools, are respectfully informed that Mr C. A CUMMINGS will take a few more pupils into his private boarding Academy at Quincy, Mass, if early application be made.

Refer to Rev. Messrs Whitney and Lunt, pastors of the Unitarian Church Quincy.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition $25 00 per quarter.
june 6

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, { Winter or Spring, 50 } in-
{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advance.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $28, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.

Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.

Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.

Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.

Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.

A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.

A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.

D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug. 10th, 1838. n 24

CHURCH LAMPS, COMMUNION WARE &c.

THE subscribers offer for sale at their Warehouse a general assortment of Church Lamps, consisting of Chandeliers of all sizes, Hanging Astral and Brackett Lamps for the Gallery, Wall or Organ and Pulpit Lamps, &c. Lamps of every description manufactured to order at short notice. Communion Services, of different sizes.

Also, a complete assortment of House-furnishing articles—Lamps, Silver and Plated Wares, Clocks, Trays, Cutlery, &c, all of which will be sold on low terms. HARRIS & STANWOOD,
n9 3m 29 Tremont Row, opp. Savings Bank.

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

HENRY N. HOOPER & CO.
24 Commercial St., Boston
jy 20 is1aw6mo

WOOD AND COALS.

500 Cords Nova Scotia Wood.
1000 Tons first quality Red Ash Coal, for Grates.
300 Tons first quality White Ash Coal, for Furnaces.
600 Chaldron New Castle, Orrel, Sydney, and Cannel Coal for Grates and for Smith use.
100 Chaldon Scotch Coal, a superior article for Grates or Smith use.

For sale by MOSES FRENCH, JR.
Main Wharf Broad Street,
near the bottom of Summer Street.
sep 7 3m

THE MISSES HUNT,
FEMALE PHYSICIANS,
No. 32 Green street, nearly opposite the head of Leveret street, Boston.

GRATEFUL for the extensive patronage they have received, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies, that they still continue to attend to their profession.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 till 5. ly n9

FAMILY OIL STORE.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
sep 7 HENRY CLAPP, JR.

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1st1

POETRY.

(From the Token for 1840.)

A SISTER'S GRAVE.

The leaves, by tranquil breezes fanned,
In summer beauty o'er me wave,
While here in loneliness I stand,
And muse beside my sister's grave.
My sister's grave!—Oh, who can tell
The thoughts, that through my bosom swell,
In naming one who was so dear,
While mournfully I linger round
This spot of consecrated ground,
And feel that now she slumbers here?

Five years have passed,—five changing years,
Since here, beneath this twilight shade,
With broken sighs and gushing tears,
That sister's lovely form was laid;
Five changing years! yet even now
I gaze, as then, upon her brow,
And seem to hear a low, soft voice,
Which bids my very heart rejoice;
And then I start and weep, to find,
That that which blessed my ear and eye
Was but a vision of the mind,
The echo of a voice gone by;
For here I see the long grass wave
Sadly above my sister's grave!

Yet there is beauty here. The bee
Hums sweetly through the summer hours,
And the soft breezes wander free
'Midst bursting leaves and budding flowers;
And on the air is borne along
The lonely wood-bird's pensive song;
While the mild sunlight, like a spell,
Slumbers upon each hill and dell:—
What wonder, then, that to my heart,
This grave, which in such beauty lies,
Where earth and heaven their charms impart,
Should seem the Gate of Paradise,
Where Faith, with her sweet smile of love,
Points to the glorious heavens above?

And often thus, to this lone glen,
I will with thoughtful footsteps turn,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
The purposes of life to learn;—
Till, laid beside my sister's grave,
The same long grass o'er both shall wave.

R. C. W.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUMMER TWILIGHT. A FRAGMENT.

BY JANE E. LOCKE.

Oh, 'tis a lovely twilight—could the breeze
That fanned the weeping Peri at the gate
Of Paradise, be more luxurious,
Softer e'en than this so gentle zephyr?
Full many such I 've seen, and loved them well,
Better, ah, better far than now I do:
For then my heart was lighter for the care
That did not press it, or its rejoicings
Chasten; lighter for the world's harsh spirit,
That had not within it passed, and swept
Its secret chambers through; ay, lighter too,
That then it had not mourned its dead, or e'en
Its far-off living, who were fond and true,
Yet severed.

I do remember me of one,
Who loved an eve like this as well; whose soul
Blent with the evening loveliness, until
She wondered that the night should chill, or dew
Should moisten e'en the tender forest leaf.
The story of her lot o'ershadows me
Whene'er I upward gaze upon the stars;
I 'll tell it here,—though 'tis of one unknown
To those who read—a bright and gentle girl,
Who had grown up to blooming womanhood,
In the full tide of her heart's trustfulness.
'T was strange indeed that two and twenty, nay,
One more summer still had taught her not, that
Earth had not a blossom fadeless, or e'en
A bud secure from blight, or, ay, much more,
A promise that it could in truth fulfill,
Up to the very spirit of its pledge.
For thus heaven wills, and wisely, too, else man
Would build him walls, and palaces, and rear
Him pyramids, and castles wide, and fix
Him here content, in glory of his might,
His feet unsandalled for his pilgrim way,
Nor staff in hand, till summoned forth, his loins
Ungirt, and ear all unattuned to angel harps,
To stand before the naked throne of God.
Strange that earth had not long ere this engraved
Upon her heart, in letters smarting with
The burning brand, *beware!* But so it had
Not, and she was all love and truth, all faith
In whate'er promised love and joy to her;
And for the moment oft believing earth
A paradise, forgetting the true heaven
Indeed was a wide Jordan's pass beyond.

One saw her thus, and in the secret of
His better soul he knelt—as men will kneel
Full oft, but rising from the bended joint,
Forget the shrine where erst he bowed himself.
The sequel is not yet—he knelt, adored,
And worshiped, not for what she looked, but what
She was; angel well nigh in truth; no word
Of soothing flattery was that which oft
His fondness uttered.

The world looked on,
And envied; and when he bore her to
His far-off home, how mingled were the tears
On many a cheek, of joy and grief; grief
For their lot, and joy, joy much and deep, for hers.
And when the gladness of her spirit passed
Away, they still looked on, and envied still,
Divining not the cause. But when her eye
Grew livid, and her cheek was sunk and pale,
They marvelled all, and marvelled much, and wept,
When the green sward was laid upon her grave!
No marble tablet told that he who should
Have cherished her, had been the dagger to
Her heart; that he who knelt and vowed before
His God, had not performed unto the Lord
His oath; but had breathed forth cold words and harsh,
That sped with bitterness and gall to the
Heart's core, and rankled there till every stream
Of joy was dry, and the sick soul, thirsty
And parched, to everlasting fountains fled!
But thus it was in brief: and frequent man
Forgets, that what he holds is by a tenure
Frail and feeble; that bitter words outlive
Their sound, and have for woman's doating heart,
A language that the letters do not spell,
And more prophetic oft than on the wall,
The writing in the palace of the king
Of Persia's realm; that wrongs, though scarcely meant,
May chase far from his grasp, as heaven from earth,
What in his better moments he would hold,
And kindly cherish. Alas, how present scenes
And past events commingle! Thus,
A summer twilight tells this simple tale,
And the bright stars that light its firmament
Are made the pauses in the history.

Lowell, 1839.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHINGTON.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

By the Rev. Albert Barnes.

Every thing pertaining to the public or private life of Washington is of the deepest interest to an American citizen. The period will never arrive in this land, or in the world, when his name will cease to be pronounced with veneration and respect; or when his opinions and the record of his personal habits and his public deeds will cease to exert an influence on mankind. His character is settled, and his sentiments recorded and known. There is no ambiguity about his character; no doubt in regard to his valor; no suspicion about his patriotism; no question about his wisdom and prudence. The subject of his character is not to undergo discussion in distant lands or in future times; nor are our descendants ever to be perplexed and embarrassed in regard to his principles. On all subjects connected with the true welfare of the nation, his example and his opinions are to travel down with the richest influence to future ages; so far as our limits are to spread, and numerous as is to be our population, every where, by the innumerable millions that are to people the hills and vales of our land, is to be spoken with the profoundest regard the name of Washington. There have been other great men, whose character required many years after they died to determine whether they were to be regarded with gratitude or disgust; whether they were influenced by the love of country or by ambition; whether they lived to bless or curse the race. Many have lived, and have transmitted their names to us, of whom it is now difficult to determine whether we should regard their existence as a proof of the Divine mercy or the Divine displeasure, and of whom the opinions of men may continue forever unsettled; but no such ambiguity attends the name or deeds of Washington. His character was well understood when he died; there was no doubt felt on the subject by the weeping millions who mourned his death; and the lapse of years has produced no change in the public mind in regard to this illustrious man.

We cannot be ignorant of the many things in our own age and time that are fitted to call forth tears from the eyes of those who love their country, or who love the Christian religion. We cannot be unapprised that large numbers of the citizens of this land—and it is to be feared many occupying places of trust and power—have ceased to feel any dependence on God, and are trusting to the wisdom of human counsels and the power of a human arm in times of danger. We cannot be unaffected by the fact that large numbers of our countrymen have cast off the religion of the Bible and despise the ordinances of Christianity, and are strangers to humble and fervent prayer. Yet it is a subject of the deepest interest, and is one of the happy indications of a substantially sound state of things in this age, that the hearts of the nation are turned still to the sacred remembrance of the Father of his country; and that enduring monuments to his memory are erected all over the land. I mean not in splendid arches and obelisks: I mean not in the skill of statuary and the art of the painter; but I mean in the fact that his opinions are collected, recorded, and published; that his name is one of the first that is taught to infancy and childhood; and that there is not probably in all our wide domain, a hamlet so remote or a cottage so humble, that in the hearts of the children there, there is not already a monument erected to the name and memory of Washington.

Foreigners speak with contempt of our literature; and they have not yet ceased to ask the question propounded twenty years ago by the Edinburgh Review, 'Who reads an American book?' Yet there has been accomplished is this land what has never occurred in any other country. The American press has given to the world, in a manner worthy of the subject, the Life and Writings of Washington. It has done for him who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' what has never before been done in respect to any distinguished individual of the old world. Where are even now the life and writings of Charlemagne—of Alfred,—of the Edwards and Henrys of England? In which of the great libraries of the old world can there be found a monument erected to the memory of prince or of warrior like Spark's Life and Writings of Washington? Which of their monarchs have furnished materials for such a work? In what country but the United States has an individual ever had such a hold on the public mind, that such an undertaking could be sustained by private enterprise?

While the American public thus feels a deep and a deepening interest in all that pertains to the name of Washington, to a very large portion of the nation, also, there is a growing interest in regard to his religious opinions and practices. Every one has an interest in knowing what were the sentiments of that great man on the most vital of all subjects; and especially to understand what were his habits in the times which tried his soul as well as the souls of his compatriots in arms, and his countrymen every where. Did he trust to the valor of his own arm in the day of battle? Did he rely on his own prudence and military skill when perils gathered thick around him, and when the sky was overcast? Did he trust to the wisdom of Congress alone, and feel that in their counsels all the interests of the nation were safe? Was he a man who was a patron of infidelity and profaneness, a neglecter of prayer, and a contemner of the ordinances of the Christian religion?

Happily we are as little left to conjecture on these points as we are in regard to his valor, his patriotism, and his political sentiments. On the great subject of his religious opinions little or nothing remains to be desired. They were settled and fixed; and though he was unobtrusive, yet he suffered no occasion to pass without recognizing the Supreme Being when it would be proper to do it, or without expressing his belief in the truth and necessity of Christianity. It is known that in his first military campaigns, he was careful to have religious service regularly performed in camp. During the French war, when the government of Virginia had neglected to provide chaplains for the army, he remonstrated against such an impropriety, and urged his request till they were appointed. His strict prohibitions of profaneness in the army is well known. The following is an extract from his orders when he was a colonel. 'Colonel Washington has observed that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate. He takes this opportunity to inform them of his great displeasure at such practices, and assures them that if they do not leave them off, they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, without a court-martial. For the second offence, he shall be more severely punished.' 'To say that he was not a Christian,' says Mr Sparks, 'or at least that he did not believe himself a Christian, would be to impeach his sincerity and honesty. Of all men in the world, Washington was certainly the last whom any one would charge with dissimulation or indirectness; and if he was so scrupulous in avoiding even the shadow of these faults in every known act of his life, however unimportant, is it likely, is it credible, that in a matter of the highest importance he should practice, through a long series of years, a deliberate deception upon his friends and the public? It is neither credible nor possible.' 'After a long and minute examination of the writings of Washington, public and private,' adds Mr Sparks, 'in print and in manuscript, I can affirm that I have never seen a single hint or expression from which it could be inferred that he had any doubt of the Christian revelation, or that he thought with indifference or unconcern on that subject. On the contrary, whenever he approaches it, or indeed, whenever he alludes in any manner to religion, it is done with seriousness and reverence.'

It is well known that he was educated in the Episcopal church, to which he adhered through his life; and he undoubtedly believed in the doctrines of Christianity as taught in that church, but without a particle of intolerance, or disrespect for the faith and modes of worship adopted by Christians of other denominations. An affecting and deeply interesting instance of his liberality towards other denominations, and of his desire to honor the religion of the Redeemer, occurred, when the army was encamped during the winter at Morristown, New Jersey. The anecdote is found in Dr Hosack's *Life of De Witt Clinton*, and is a fact which does not admit, it is believed, of dispute. I was settled as a pastor in that place for more than five years; and I can add my testimony to the authority on which the anecdote is based in the Life of Clinton, that it is a matter of undisputed tradition there, that Washington partook of the Lord's Supper in connexion with the Presbyterian church, at the hand of its pastor, the Rev. Dr Johnes. 'In the morning of the week previous to the communion,' says the Rev. Dr Cox, in the Life of Clinton, 'the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr Jones, (Johnes,) the pastor of the church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canon of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?' The doctor rejoined: 'Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatever name.' The doctor assured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.'

It is one of the happy features in the history of our country, that we can thus refer to the great name of Washington as an undoubted believer in the truth of Christianity. Never can his example be pleaded by the profane man—for no man ever more decidedly bore the whole weight of his authority and example against profaneness than he did. Never can his example be pleaded by those who neglect the sanctuary, and profane the Christian Sabbath—for in his diary, which was kept for many years with much particularity, 'a Sunday rarely occurs in which it is not recorded that he went to church;' and it is known that 'visiting and visitors were prohibited on that day.' Never can his name and authority be plead for scepticism or infidelity; for during his long life not a sentiment is known to have escaped his lips implying a doubt of the truth of Christianity; and from the two hundred volumes of letters and other papers which he left in manuscript, not an intimation occurs which can be tortured into doubt in regard to the truth and necessity of religion. Other men became corrupt; and the confidence of others were shaken in the truth of Christianity, particularly by the influence of the writings of French infidels, but the mind of Washington on this subject, was unshaken and unsuspected. To all future times, his name is to be transmitted as a believer in the truth of Christianity; and the authority of that great name is, under God, to be one of the means, it is to be hoped, of perpetuating and extending the influence of true religion over all the hills and vales of our great republic. Every where that great man recognised the God that made him. Alike in the camp and in the cabinet, his sentiments were known, and when he died, not an expression was found in all his confidential correspondence, or his private diary, that a Christian would not be willing to have spread before all the world, or that can be made to contribute to the purposes of infidelity and sin.

But it is not merely in regard to his *sentiments* that we desire to become acquainted with Washington. There is much in the private feelings and habits of such a man that we would be glad to know. We would like to understand what were his emotions when the storm of war lowered; when calamities pressed thick upon him and his army; when he felt that on each movement of his, might depend the liberty and the welfare of millions of men. We would like to be admitted to his tent when preparing for battle; to observe him when he rises in the morning, and when he retires at night. We would like to be told whether at such times that great man relied on his own wisdom, or whether he sought illumination from the Father of Lights, and strength from the God of Hosts.

In relation to these obvious inquiries we have an exceedingly interesting instance in the fact which is represented in a painting by Kyle, which shows him as engaged in secret devotion in a retired grove, where he is accidently seen by a person standing in the distance. The fact on which this is founded, and the authority on which it rests, is the following. It occurs in a letter from a Baptist minister to the editor of the Christian Watchman, dated Baltimore, January, 13, 1832. 'You will recollect that a most interesting incident in relation to the life of the great American commander-in-chief has been related as follows:—That while stationed here (at Valley Forge) with the army, he was frequently observed to visit a secluded grove. This excited the curiosity of a Mr Potts, of the denomination of Friends, who watched his movements at one of those seasons of retirement, till he perceived he was on his knees and engaged in prayer. Mr Potts then returned, and said to his family, '*Our* cause is *lost*,' (he was with the tories); assigning his reasons for this opinion. There is a man by the name of Devault Beaver now living on this spot, and is eighty years of age, who says he has had the statement from Mr Potts and his family.' It has been said also, that Gen. Knox was also an accidental witness of the same, and was fully apprised that prayer was the object of the commander's visits to the grove.

In a case like this, the authority for the anecdote appears to be ample. It was so in accordance with his expressed belief in the truth of religion, and of all his public sentiments on the subject, that we can have no difficulty in admitting the force of the evidence in the case.

Never did circumstances exist which made secret prayer to the God of armies and of nations more proper; and if Washington ever prayed, the period when he was encamped with his army at Valley Forge was one when we should suppose that he would pour out his heart in fervent prayer to God. The time when this occurred was in the winter of 1777 '78. The battle of the Brandywine had been fought on the 11th of the September previous, in which the American army had been defeated by Cornwallis with a loss of probably three hundred men killed, six hundred wounded, and four hundred taken prisoners. After retreating to Philadelphia, and being compelled to leave this city, Washington with his army had crossed the Schuylkill with an intention of offering battle to the victorious enemy. A heavy rain, when a battle had been commenced, rendered both armies unfit to pursue the contest; and Washington retired to the Yellow Springs, and then to the neighborhood of Germantown, where a large part of the British army was stationed. Here he determined again to offer them battle; and by a most judiciously-planned movement he commenced an attack on them early in the morning of October 4th. Of this battle, Washington says in a letter to his brother, 'If it had not been for a thick fog, which rendered it so dark at times that we could not distinguish friend from foe at the distance of thirty yards, we should, I believe, have made a decisive and glorious day of it. But Providence designed it otherwise; for after we had driven the enemy a mile or two; after they were in the utmost confusion, and flying before us in most places; after we were upon the point, as it appeared to every body, of grasping a complete victory, our own troops took flight and fled with precipitation and disorder. How to account for this, I know not, unless the fog represented their own friends to them for a reinforcement of the enemy, as we attacked in different quarters at the same time and were about closing the wings of our army when this happened.' 'Our loss,' he adds, 'was, in killed, wounded, and missing, about one thousand men. In a word, it was a bloody day. Would to heaven I could add, that it had been a more fortunate one for us.'

After this battle, it soon became necessary for the army to go into winter quarters. The place selected for this was *Valley Forge*. This place is about twenty miles from Philadelphia, and near the river Schuylkill. The ground was then covered with thick woods, and bounded on one side by the river, and on the other by ridges of hills. Here the army encamped for the winter—a winter in which the army suffered probably more than during any winter of the war. 'It is affecting,' said one who lived on the spot, 'to hear the old people narrate the sufferings of the army, when the soldiers were frequently tracked by the blood from their sore and bare feet, lacerated by the rough and frozen roads over which they were obliged to pass.' When retreating from the battle of the Brandywine, Washington said that 'at least one thousand men are barefooted and and have performed their marches in that contion.' Changes had been made in the quartermaster's and commissary's departments, contrary to the judgment of Washington, by which the army was wretchedly supplied, and at no times were their sufferings so great as for a few weeks after they went into winter quarters. On one occasion when there, Washington wrote:—'For some days there has been little less than a famine in the camp. A part of the army have been a week without any kind of flesh and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to general mutiny and dispersion.' Such was the scarcity of blankets, that many of the men were obliged to sit up all night by the fires for want of covering to protect them; and in numerous instances they were so scantily clad that they could not leave their huts. When the encampment was begun at Valley Forge, the whole number of the men was about eleven thousand, of whom two thousand eight hundred and ninety eight were unfit for duty, 'being barefoot and otherwise naked.'

It was during the winter also, that a cabal was formed to destroy the reputation of Washington, to sow dissensions in the camp, and to spread discord throughout the nation.

It was at this period, and under these circumstances, that the commander-in-chief of the American armies was observed so constantly to retire for the purpose of secret devotion. Few scenes have has so much moral grandeur as this. Repeated disaster and defeat had dispirited the army and the nation. Suffering to an extreme degree was in the camp; and thousands of brave men were without the necessaries of life. The independence of the nation was in jeopardy. Attempts were made to stab the reputation of the commander, and to degrade him from office. Provision for the army was to be made; murmurs and discontent suppressed; calumny to be met; plans formed for a future campaign; the nation to be inspirited and aroused; an active enemy was in the neighborhood, flushed with recent victory, and preparing to achieve new triumphs; and in these circumstances the Father of his country went alone, and sought strength and guidance from the God of armies and of light. The ear of heaven was propitious to his prayer; and who can tell how much of the subsequent brilliant success of the American armies was in answer to prayers of the American General at the Valley Forge? Who can help prizing American liberty more, when he feels that it was purchased, not only by valor and by blood, but that it was conferred in answer to fervent prayer? Who can ever tread the ground where the American army was then encamped, and not recall the period when the eyes of that great man were directed to heaven, and when his knee bowed, and when he breathed forth his fervent supplications for the salvation of his country? To latest times it will, and should be, a subject of the deepest interest, that the independence of our country was laid, not only in valor and patriotism, and wisdom, but in prayer. The example of Washington will rebuke the warrior or the statesman who never supplicates the blessing of God on his country. It will be the encouragement of him who prays for its welfare and its deliverance from danger. The sceptic never can plead his name. The philosophic infidel can never refer to him for authority. The atheist can never enrol him among those who believe that the universe is without a Father and a God. And in all future times it will serve to enhance the value of our liberty, and be a bright spot in our history, that the Father of his country approached the throne of mercy in the name of the Redeemer, and all that we value in independence and peace is closely connected, not only with the valor and wisdom, but with the SECRET PRAYERS OF WASHINGTON.—*Christian Keepsake.*

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